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SAN DIEGO AND ITS EXHIBITION

(Continued from page 13)

look with understanding eyes into those shells of concrete and see the fundamental idea that brought them into being. And one must begin by being without bias as to the exposition situation in California this year. San Francisco is to have an exposition, too—a very wonderful exposition and a very beautiful show. There has been some jealousy shown between those two rival fairs out on the west coast; and, as is the case with all jealousy, useless hard feeling aroused. As a matter of real and actual fact, there should be no jealousy between San Francisco and San Diego. Any sane student of the situation will see quickly that their fairs are not competitors, but that one is supplementary to the other.

For each is as different from the other as it is possible for one exposition to be different from another. They are different in location, the Panama-Pacific closely hugging the very shore of the Golden Gate; different in color, the San Francisco exposition brilliant in its gay colorings, while San Diego is gentle in the soft grays of concrete, relieved a wee bit by bright mosaics of tile; entirely different in the story that each seeks to tell.

The Panama-California Exposition—San Diego's blessed dream come true—is to tell a story of achievement, of creation by showing achievement and creation step by step. It is to be a process exposition. The fruits of California are to be shown, not grouped up in miniature pyramids, as in the old-time country fairs, but in actual growth. To do this has meant the placing aside of whole acres in small plantations, not merely of oranges or of lemons, but of other fruits as well as vegetables. These demonstration farms have given opportunity for the service exhibition of agricultural machinery and the like. Truly here is a "process show." And if you tire of the agricultural "processes" you can turn quite easily to the great exhibit halls and see manufactured goods in the stages of construction. You can watch the progress of a pair of silk socks, from almost the very hour that the worm sheds his coat up to the time when the finished product goes into its gayly labeled box, with a certificate for six months of good conduct testing alongside it.

That is the Davis idea. He has a feeling—in newspaper offices one might call it "news sense"—that many folk like "to see the wheels go round." He thinks that we have passed the time when exposition visitors enthuse over triumphal arches of canned corn or the Federal capitol at Washington reproduced in blanc-mange.

There are many other fascinations at the southwest corner of the U. S. A. beside this new great lion. On the broad sand spit, much grassed and bearing the rarest of tropical trees and exotic plants, that protects the crescent harbor from the sea, is a wonderful hotel, a little old-fashioned and fantastic in



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its architecture, and yet planned and conducted with a rare degree of thoughtfulness for the comfort of its guests. From the rooms of this hotel that face the sea one looks down into the breakers. There is a gentle beach stretching far to the south and losing itself in the blue haze around the base of the mountains of old Mexico. It is an inviting beach for bathers, and yet a bather must be a good swimmer to use it in any real degree of safety.

For there are other than humans who enjoy that shelf of sandy beach. Somewhere in the shallows rests the stingaree, and the stingaree has a sort of natural resentment to having the human foot implanted in his back. Nature has given him a way of showing that resentment. Shaped something like a banjo or a frying-pan, he has plenty of back, and in the middle of his handle—if one may still think of the frying-pan—there stands a jagged needle. The points of this sword lie flat when they enter the human leg, in expression of resentment. When they come out they are strictly on the job, standing straight out, and they cause a wound tremendously painful and tremendously hard to heal.

But Coronado beach long ago outwitted the stingaree and made preparation for the timid bather by giving him as fine a pool as one might find in a week's journey anywhere. It is the one of the particular fascinations of that most delectable shore spot. There are other fascinations along the same shore—one of the best known of them La Jolla, which is reached by a funny little anæmic railroad. La Jolla revels in strange caves and exquisite scenery. Then there is the trip to Tia Juanna—"Aunt Jane" in plain English—which is religiously taken by every tourist who wants to write home and say that he has been in a "furrin land," and is ready to prove it by means of sundry post cards sent to the home town under Mexican postage. Some folk, who are wiser, pass by Tia Juanna, which expresses no interest save the purely sentimental one of having crossed the international border, and they show their sentiment in making a trip back of the town to the early settlement and the fine old ranch house that is asserted to be the home of Ramona. Such assertions are purely traditional, however. They are part of the folk lore of that corner of our land.

Perhaps no one single side trip from San Diego is of greater interest to the average tourist than Point Loma. Point Loma is, in reality, a sort of American Gibraltar, a modern fortress with modern guns designed for the efficient protection of a valuable and strategic harbor. But to the tourist who is only ordinarily well informed it is the capital and headquarters of the most interesting group of folk that America has known since the days of the Brook Farm and the early economic successes of the Shakers. Point Loma to him is Mrs. Katherine Tingley and the colony of Theosophists that she has assembled there. On a site superbly located, with the high mountains in background upon one side and the eternal restful beauty of the open sea upon the other, Mrs. Tingley has

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1914.

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builded her colony, schools, workshops, homes—all culminating in a great temple of strange East Indian architecture, whose glass dome is a shining landmark under the cloudless skies of Southern California.

There are stout fences around about the colony, stern admonitions against trespass are posted every few feet along the high road—even the ubiquitous camera is firmly barred. But visitors, under certain reasonable and ordinary restrictions, are welcomed to the place, “notwithstanding misrepresentations to the contrary,” as an extremely sensitive sign-board on an approach to the colony puts it. They are not often admitted to the schools, but that is stated to be because of the interruptions that constant callers would make upon their work.

“In fact, we ourselves only see our children two hours a week, on Sunday afternoons,” your guide tells you. You look at him in a bit of astonishment. He is a slim, gentlemanly fellow in his smooth-fitting khaki suit—you could hardly call it a uniform, even though all the men of the colony wear it—and his home is a lovely cottage down under the slope of a gentle hill.

That seems strange to you—particularly if you are a woman, who can hardly spare her children for four or five hours at school each day—yet it is a part of the gentle but inexorable discipline of the place. It is part of the discipline, too, that the children, instead of being taught to receive constant gifts from their parents, are educated into making such love tokens. There are many of the unusual rules at Point Loma that seem most sensible. But it would be hard to make many mothers believe that but two hours of intercourse with their children in seven long days is one of these.

The most dramatic feature of Point Loma, however, is the one most readily shown even to chance visitors. It is the exquisite open-air theater, with its semi-circle of stone seats looking upon a perfect little Greek temple set upon a stage—a stage whose back scene was painted by the greatest of all scene painters, the master hand who put the changing blues and greens into the deep waters of the Pacific. Upon this open-air stage the boys and girls of all ages, who form the student body at Point Loma, present classical and Shakespearean drama. Almost invariably the hour chosen for beginning the play is just before sundown, and as the afternoon grows late San Diego rolls noisily up to the theater entrance in its motor-cars. The big amphitheater is filled as the shadows grow long. And just as the red sun begins to dip behind the western horizon the trumpets sound and the drama begins. Thereafter through oncoming dusk more and more torches blaze. And when the play is done it is quite dark without—the amphitheater itself radiant with the blazing torches, and the white gleam of the electric spot light. And as San Diego finds its way out to its motor-cars once again it is apt to find itself asking what the ancient Greeks might have done if the wizard touch of electricity had only been given into their hands.

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at Santa Marta, Colombia

JANUARY 1915

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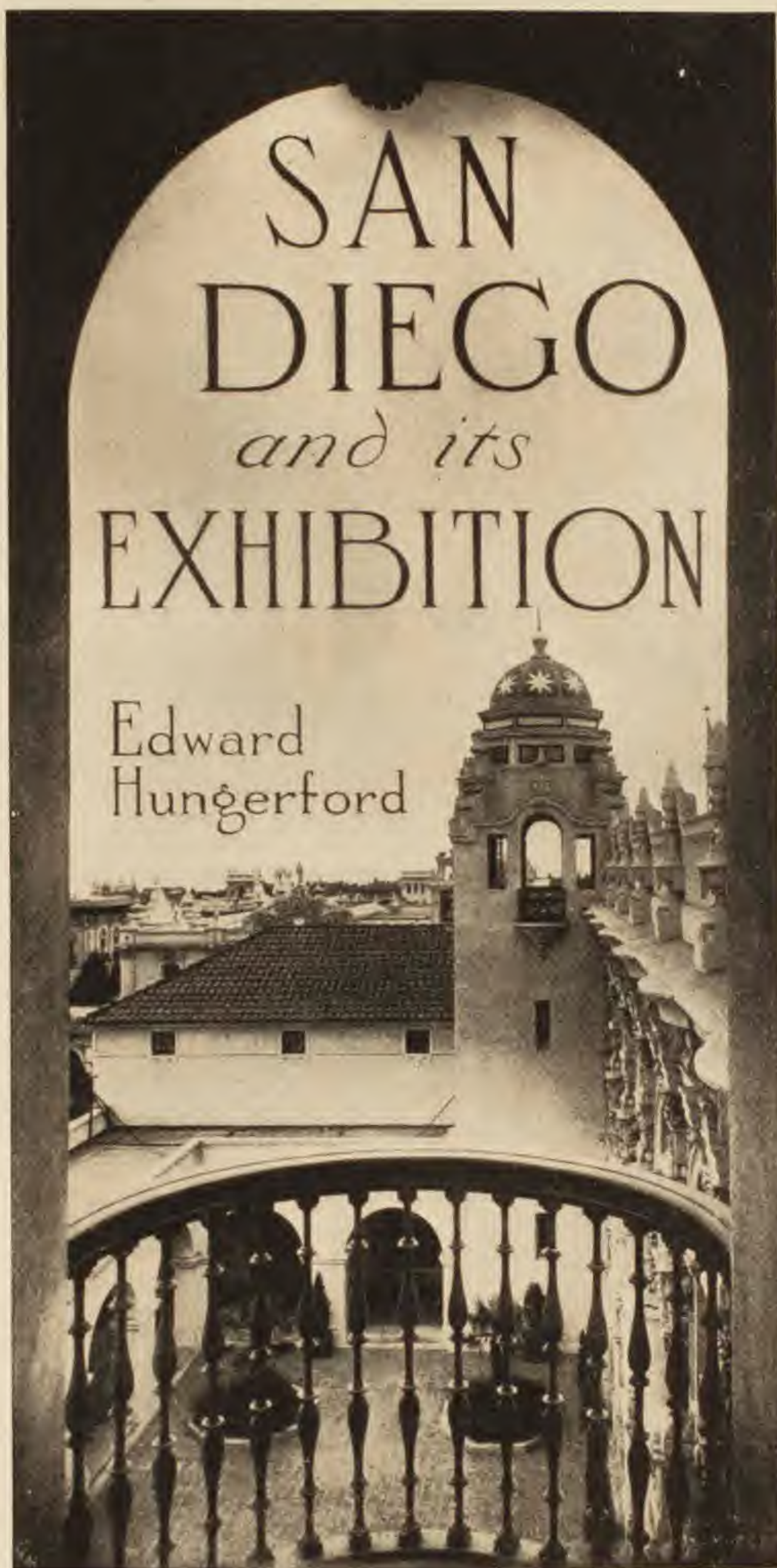
NUMBER 3



The Bridge of Cabrillo

ON the sweep of one of the loveliest harbors in all this world you will find it—San Diego, the most southwesterly of all the cities of our land. At first glance upon the map it may not seem of easy approach. It is isolated from the through routes of travel, with a single railroad link leading down to it from Los Angeles. But it also happens that that very link of branch railroad belongs to one of the largest and most progressive of American systems, so that the train service in and out of the southwest corner of the U. S. A. is quite beyond all cavil. And you will find the 125-mile journey down from Los Angeles filled with a changing interest for almost every mile of the way. The straggling suburbs of a town, ambitious for metropolitanism, give way to orchards of oranges, of lemons and of walnuts; orchards made to spring from the desert by the wizard touch of irrigation; orchards immaculate; orchards as carefully reared as a child; orchards whose value already begins to rise toward a fabulous sum. After all these come the open ranches.

Up around San Francisco and Los Angeles a man will plant a nine-room bungalow in a quarter-acre lot in the suburbs and call it a "ranch." California, which is unusually fertile in radical legislation, ought to be able to devise a statute to stop that sort of thing. To the Eastern mind at least, a ranch means a sweep of land, such a holding of the earth's surface as to make the old phrasing of farm or plantations seem utterly inadequate. And by the same tokens the Eastern mind is sure to rise to the ranches one sees from the car window as he goes whirling down from Los Angeles to San Diego. Here is one, typical of many another: It has some eighteen or twenty thousand acres within its boundaries and it stretches for a dozen miles at least along the railroad track. With the modern intent upon specialization it grows beans—nothing but beans. It is an inspiration to the



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frijole industry and a source of supply to New England—three thousand miles distant. The next ranch grows beets. There are many beet-sugar factories in southern California. Both of these farmers ship their crops by the trainload, dumping them into great hopper-cars which are placed on sidings devised for the purpose.

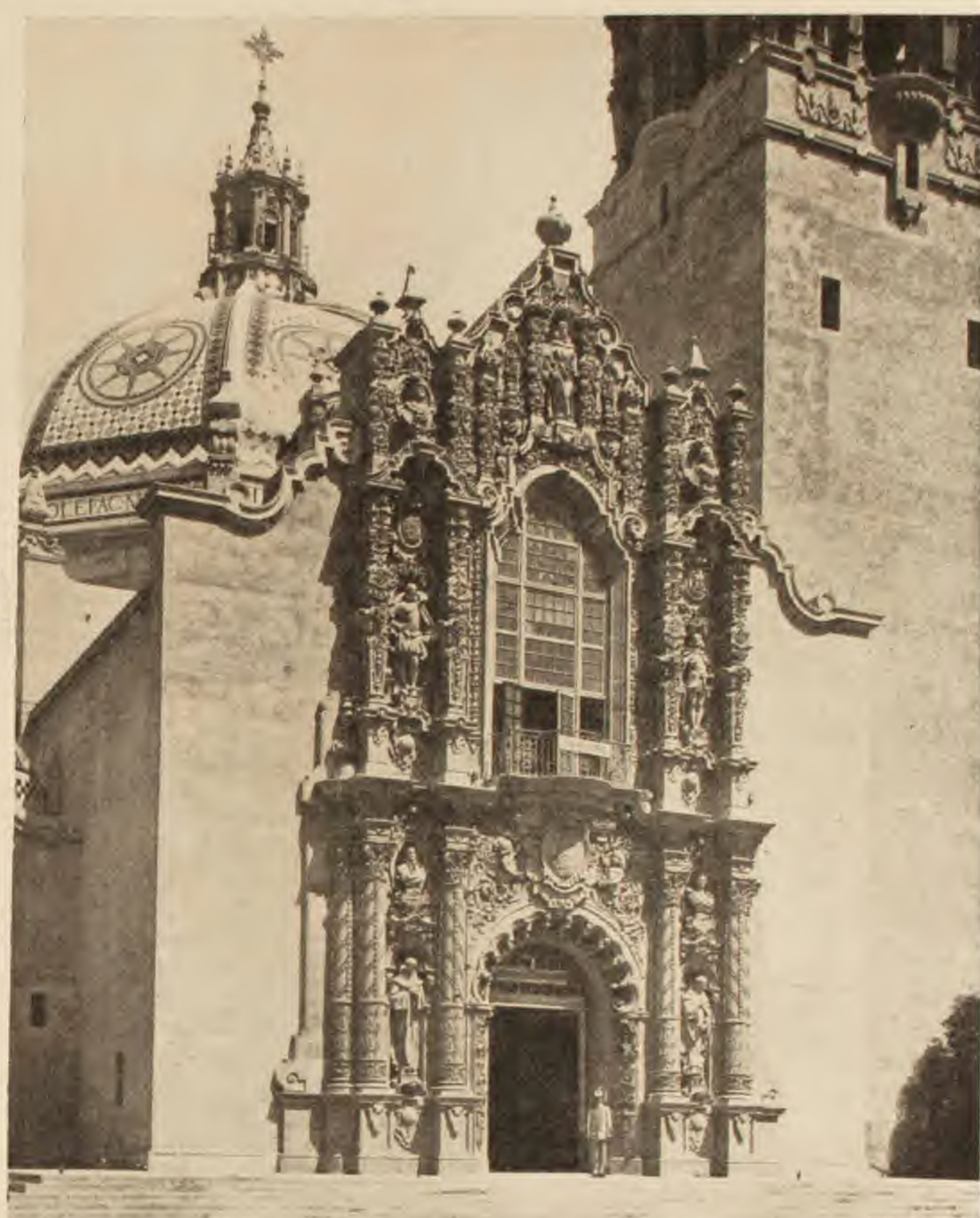
After the farms, a glimpse at a passing station of the ruins of what was once the very greatest of all the California missions—San Juan Capistrano—and then, a breath of real joy—the open sea. For twenty miles or more the railroad runs along the sandy beach of the Pacific, and a stout-armed man might thrust a pebble from the observation platform into the surf. On the one side of the train is the unlimited sweep of the ocean, upon the other sheer cliffs, as high and as abrupt as the Palisades that rise from the Hudson opposite the city of New York. Those sheer cliffs set memory afire. You begin to think of Richard Henry Dana and how he once told of the ranchmen who came to the top of the cliffs and threw their bullock hides over to the waiting ships below. This is the very spot, these cliffs the very cliffs. The conductor assures you of that.

Before you reach San Diego the train will have swept away from the edge of the Pacific, will have tugged and chugged its way through a fascinating bit of mountain cañon, then—almost at the very end of its four hours of toil—you will have caught a glimpse of salt water once again—the so-called "false harbor," a shallow land-locked pool with the glistening open sea beyond. In another instant comes the "true harbor," lined with piers, with ships riding easily at anchor and a broad fairway out to the open sea. After that the rush and confusion of the terminal station, but you are not apt to be too hurried to notice that it resembles a great mission church in its



FACADE OF THE HOME ECONOMY BUILDING

The exhibits of this building will be devoted to the newest devices and appliances in domestic economy and management



PORTAL TO THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING

The figures surrounding the doorway are of men prominent in the early civil and religious history of the State

fabric and its fashioning. The railroad that holds the key to San Diego turns it with delicacy and with taste.

Before you are a dozen feet away from the fine new railroad station and up the broad main street of the town, you realize that you are in "a real town." Hotels have sprung up, seemingly over night—one or two of them large enough and complete enough to hold their own upon Broadway—there are restaurants galore and in a variety more than a little reminiscent of San Francisco. The entire business heart of the town has an appearance crisp and fresh and new, as if it had grown up over night, and yet it has been builded to stay. For solidity and for dignity San Diego already can hold her own with many and many a larger town that lies to the north and to the east of her.

"How large a population?" you begin to ask.

That depends upon how interested you are in buying land within her vicinage. The smart real estate operator who begins to be cognizant of your presence before you are in the place more than two or three days will tell you that it is from sixty to eighty thousand—growing nearer eighty thousand all

the while. He will tell you many things. He will tell you that San Diego has the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast—which is almost literally true—that two or three important systems are pushing their rails toward that harbor—which is not quite so literally true—and that the city, whose charms he speaks so eloquently, is soon to become one of the great manufacturing centers of the land—which probably is not true at all. Manufacturing, as the north and east of the United States may know it, has never thrived upon the Pacific coast. There are many reasons for this. The most compelling of them is the high cost of labor. That is why commercial California

has looked forward so eagerly to the completion of the Panama Canal. It has expected that, with the great ditch in full use, ships would sail from Hamburg and Trieste and Genoa direct to its ports, loaded with immigrants ready to work. The war will probably prove a sad blow to such expectations. When it finally is over Europe will need all of its men, and immigration will fall to a thin stream at the best. It is hardly likely now that the Panama Canal will bring any real or immediate relief to the complicated labor conditions as they exist.

Your accomplished—and



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING

In the foreground are the botanical gardens. The building is of special interest, in that an open-work roof has been substituted for the usual glass construction



THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY BUILDING

The San Diego exposition is not primarily a show, it tells a story—the story of the great industries of the State, whether agricultural or manufacturing, here to be demonstrated in every process of growth or construction. It is a cultural project in its highest sense

prolific—San Diego real-estater does not let so little a matter as a world-wide war and its effect upon economic conditions trouble him. The railroads *are* coming over the mountains and the factories *are* going to spring up along the harbor side. His city, with a commendable municipal pride, has already begun to place that harbor side in order. Its beginning is a municipal pier, for the construction of which it recently raised a million dollars. The facility with which San Diego seems to raise money is, as we shall see in a moment, one of the astounding things about the place.

"We have nearly eighty thousand folks to-day," says your real-estater, as he whirls you around the big and sprawling town in his automobile. "Next year we will have a hundred thousand, the year after that a hundred and twenty-five. In ten years we will have half a million."

You halt the city's progress for a brief moment.

"What are the half million going to do with themselves?" you ask, in your cold-blooded and unsympathetic Eastern way.

Your real-estater is not feazed. He slacks the speed of his car and smiles cheerily at you.

"You forget—the factories, the manufacturing, the wholesaling. We are going to be one of the great commerce hubs of the world."

Now it is your turn to look at

him. He may smile, yet this is no smiling matter at heart. Behind that smile he is deadly serious. The smile is a glowing mask—the mask of optimism.

Now you are coming closer home. No matter whether San Diego ever will or will not be a hub of commerce, she is to-day a hub of optimism. She has enough optimism for every one of her sixty to eighty thousand inhabitants, and a reserve stock for not only half a million, but a million more.

Come closer home. Optimism does not linger in dark alleys or thrive in dank, cold climates. Optimism is a child of sunshine—the sort of patient and every ready sunshine that the Californian knows as

climate. Now we have arrived. Climate is the thing. Climate progresses as you dip south along the West Coast. They do not talk much about it up in Oregon and Washington, except to tell you that it probably will not rain *next* week. Even San Francisco possesses a sort of climate modesty. She has her frailties, of which she, herself, is conscious. It is only when you get to Los Angeles that the climate becomes a grand, sweet song, without a single discordant note. And San Diego raises that song to a symphony.

Climate is the one thing about which San Diego can talk and absolutely cannot exaggerate.



The Taos pueblo of the Painted Desert reproduced within the grounds of the exposition



THE CENTRAL THOROUGHFARE OF THE EXPOSITION

The Prado, named after the famous street of Madrid, runs through the heart of the exposition. Everywhere, in the gray concrete of the buildings, in the flourishing trees, in the paved streets, there is a satisfying sense of permanency and dignity, while the tiles and mosaics lend a happy touch of color

To go down there in the middle of summer—a city so far south as to be at about the same latitude as Savannah, Ga.—and find blue skies and air as crisp and as bracing as one might hope to find in the Maine woods; to go there again in the middle of winter and find exactly the same climate—the grass and the trees, the brilliant red foliage of the tropical flowers, the warmth and beauty of the sunlight—there can be no exaggerations on such a topic. No wonder that San Diego is optimistic.

It was optimism, plus climate, plus a generous supply of that splendid American quality, that may be described colloquially as "pure nerve," that has just completed San Diego's crowning glory—the Panama-California Exposition. It stands on a rolling hillside back of the town—the harbor in its deep, translucent tones of blue, sweeps the distance, with half the sky-line formed by the clear-cut horizon of the Pacific; the other half by the shadowy Sierras. In closer distance the growing town and foothills, threaded by deep cañons. Indeed, it is over one of the deepest of these that one gains access to the exposition, by a great arched bridge of concrete. The roadway on the top of this structure leads straight to the fair buildings, through a tower and deep gate, as one would have approached a fortified town in old Spain. There are other towers, the domed mass of what seems to be a great cathedral rising behind the walled and turreted building at the city's gate—a faint foretaste of the glories that are hidden behind those very walls.

No exposition has had a more impressive or unusual approach. And few of them—not even the architecturally successful shows at

Buffalo, at Chicago or at San Francisco—have shown more unity or real beauty in the scheme of all their buildings. Not that the structures lack individuality. While each is cousin to the others, each is still different, and as you look at each you begin to feel that if it

had been wrought in a far land overseas it would be a shrine to lead beauty-loving Americans far from their doorsteps. Yet in the passing of a twelvemonth, not one, but a whole group, of these architectural monuments have been wrought by an enterprising town which wished to bring itself to the attention of the land. For a twelvemonth these exquisite creations of an architectural brain—old Spain transplanted in young America—will give keenest delight to every man whose mind has begun to understand taste and real beauty. Then a twelvemonth more and—

"Cows grazing again on the top of the hillside," you interrupt. "The chance stroller finding here and there a bit of broken staff in the long grass."

You remember. Perhaps you went out in the suburbs of Buffalo in the summer of 1904 and found not a vestige left of the wonder city that two years before was the Pan-American Exposition and the theater of one of our great national tragedies. But in regard to San Diego you are wrong.

"A city park, perhaps," you venture.

Now you are nearer right. The exposition grounds in 1916, and for many, many years thereafter, are to be a city park for San Diego—a city park whose

most distinguished feature is to be a high-arched bridge terminating in a city gate; a gate set in a high wall, above which rises the mass of a domed cathedral, towers and turrets—faint foretasters of the glories hidden behind that high wall.



A COURTYARD WITH ITS TOWER

It is indeed fortunate that these exquisite towered and cloistered walls are not to vanish with the close of the exposition



For the chief buildings of the exposition, the architect's loving fancies wrought into mass and a bit of color, into tower and turret, the twist of an outer stair or the turn of a cornice, the frame of a window or the placing of a door, are not to pass with the closing of the show at the very end of the year 1915. Unlike other expositions, the most beautiful of the buildings of the San Diego fair have not been wrought in stucco over wood, but have been poured in solid concrete. Some of the large exhibit structures for which there obviously would be little use after next year have been builded of the wood and stucco. But the lovely entrance group, with its individual plaza and its domed cathedral—a unit in itself—have been wrought in the most enduring of building material that man has yet devised. And a thousand years hence the San Diegan of that day should be able to lead his children over the bridge and through the gate and tell him of the fabled exposition of 1915.

Most expositions are born in the brain of one man. San Diego is no exception to that rule. In its case the man is C. P. Collier, "Col. Collier" to most Californians, "Charlie Collier" to every native son of the southwest corner of the U. S. A. To tenderfeet from the East, Col. Collier is an endless joy and satisfaction. In dress, in figure, in manner he is the typical Westerner as we of the Atlantic seaboard like to know him. We have plenty of typical Southerners in New York, "professional Southerners" we are sometimes pleased to call them, but for typical Westerners—from riding-spurs to sombrero—we have had to find our satisfaction in the "movies."

But Col. C. P. Collier, of San Diego, is no "movie hero" turning from one rôle to another. He is a real, upstanding sort of a man; real in every sense of his world, genuine in his affections and his sympathies—the man whose ingenious mind one night dreamed of an exposition city rising on a hilltop back of his town—a hilltop bare of everything save sage-brush and chapparal—and who began the next morning to make his dream come true.

For five years Collier went around about the land urging his fair; for at least three of those years men laughed at his enthusiasms. It was an absurd idea. Expositions cost money, millions and millions

of dollars; a little town like San Diego could not afford to buy a corner of even a third-rate exposition. It would be useless to go to either the State or the Federal Government for aid. Besides, there was a still more important exposition to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal. It had succeeded in wresting that national honor away from the only other important claimant—New Orleans. It had raised all the available exposition money in sight.

"Your're crazy," they told Collier, after they had ceased laughing at him.

Perhaps Collier was crazy. Any man may be crazy to try and make concrete reality out of a dream. But Collier's craziness was of a practical sort; contagious, too. Before he was done the contagion had spread. San Diego was mad, exposition mad. But its madness was also practical. And it is still mad—so mad that it has builded a five-million-dollar exposition and paid for it. This last is of itself a record in the history of expositions. Most of them have not been paid for, even up to the day that they closed their doors for the final time and the dreary

period of dismantling began, while the bills were pouring in.

The San Diego Exposition was not only builded and paid for in advance of its opening, but along in September last it actually found itself in the possession of a comfortable cash surplus in its treasury

—a cash surplus that H. O. Davis immediately proceeded to spend in buying advertising space to make the fair better known to the land—thereby establishing another record in expositions which generally have been known as pretty good "grafters" of free advertising space.

This brings Davis into attention. He is worthy of attention. For if Col. C. P. Collier was the dreamer of the Panama-California Exposition, H. O. Davis has been its creator. He is not a showman. He is not even a business man. He is a farmer. He will tell you that himself. Yet he is the

red-headed, shrewd-headed executive that took a big enterprise, so big that it almost looked at one time as if it would swamp exposition-mad San Diego, and made a success of it, even in advance of the hour of the opening of its doors.

To understand Davis, one must understand the exposition; must

(Continued on page 3)



THE PLAZA IN THE CITY

For beauty and dignity San Diego can hold her own with many a larger town that lies to the north and east of her



ALONG CORONADO BEACH

Here is to be found in the most brilliant of settings every attraction and amusement a beach can afford

MALTA

A FORTRESS WITH A ROMANCE



The harbor of Valetta

THE ANCIENT ISLAND STRONGHOLD OF THE CRUSADER KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN—VALETTA, THE EMBATTLED NAVAL BASE OF THE ENGLISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET

CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

A FILM of rose on the dawn-flushed battlements emphasized the blue-green of the waters lapping their base. Britain's modern battleships here and there silhouetted in ponderous masses of violet shadow seemed strangely in keeping with those ancient ramparts ranging above them. A poem of romance in actuality—such was Valetta, Malta's capital.

Battled over, bartered back and forth by Mediterranean nations, demoralized and again rebuilt by Pagan, Christian and Moslem, the Maltese Islands (Malta, Gozzo, Comino, Cominotto and Filfia), like Gibraltar, are to-day a crown colony of a nation not one foot of whose native soil borders the Midland Sea. From Gibraltar, Britain controls the entrance to the western half of the Mediterranean, from Malta the entrance to the eastern half. These twin fortresses serve as rendezvous, coaling stations and bases of supplies for the British navy and merchant marine.

In Valetta I felt the predominance of the native element, for the 208,000 inhabitants who occupy the one hundred and nineteen square miles of the Maltese Islands include the twenty thousand soldiers and sailors of the British garrison, maintained here for many years. In Malta, as in the United States, are the modern tendencies on the part of its people to congest at certain centers at the expense of average distribution. In Valetta we have the great human vortex of this region, and the majority of the citizens of the two largest islands, Malta and Gozzo, know no more, perhaps, of things beyond their own confines than do the majority of the denizens who inhabit the great cañons which crisscross that wonderful, artificial, rocky plateau of Manhattan. For instance, the majority of the Maltese know as little of Comino, the third smallest island, as they do of the heart of Africa, while Filfia and Cominotto, insignificant islets, are but names.

Before the anchor plunged beneath the limpid water, a Valettan

fleet of awning-bedecked *dhaisas* (small boats) surround the steamer. The dulcet cries of the boatmen and the color-streaked *dhaisas* with pretty canopies lent a brilliant holiday touch as they floated gracefully on the azure waters. Like the gondolas of Venice, they evidently originated in design from the ancient galleys. A glance showed that the blood of Arab forebears coursed the veins of these swarthy boatmen, apparent, too, in the inhabitants along the greater part of the Mediterranean littoral, where after the death of Mohammed the wave of Arab conquest spread, and at Gibraltar seven hundred and eleven years after Christ the Moslems first gained footing in western Europe. More than one hundred years later Malta surrendered to them, after sixty years of invasions. Those Saracens then held these islands for over two hundred and twenty years, and more than any other conquerors left their impress upon the language and character of that heterogeneous population.

More than likely, I mused, as the swarthy, clean-cut Ali and his crew swung on the loom of their oars, these are sons of those same pirates and freebooters. When the *gibli* or sand storm lifts the desert sand from the shifting dunes of the Tripolitan Sahara, it blows it across the Mediterranean and carries it to these islands, a gentle reminder, perhaps, of the days when the Mohammedan corsairs put out from those sun-scorched shores and assailed the battlements of the Knights of St. John.

Alighting at the stone steps by the Marine Customs House, a babel of voices of beggars, boatmen and cab drivers bespoke a *potpourri* of languages of Arabic, Italian, English, French and Levantine. The ancient, muzzle-loading cannon along the quay serve as mooring or warping posts and link the present with the past. Standing in that sultry, tropical heat of early summer, I scanned the walls of fortress and Oriental-looking houses rising hundreds of feet sheer



Peasant women of Malta, in gala attire, wearing the *faldetta* as a protection from the sun

from the water front to the crests of the battlements, upon which forty thousand slaves labored for twenty years.

I might take one of the little white-canopied carriages, a polite British official informed me, and ascend by road to the upper town, or, he added apologetically—for it registered 150° in the sun—by one of the streets of steep steps which shunt up from the quays. However, despite the heat, I decided to climb leisurely, afoot, the zigzag carriage road up the cliff side, but the visitor to Malta soon decides that its steps are for descent only. I broke the ascent by frequent stops to look down over the old walls and the busy little water-front settlement far below.

Just across the Great Harbor was another part of Valetta, called Vittoriosa, the first residence of the Knight Grand Masters before this part of Valetta was built. Vittoriosa was also the principal scene of operations during the memorable siege of the Moslems in 1565, when their famous leader Dragut, once governor of Tripoli, was killed. In Tripoli I once entered the little mosque of his name, and stood by the green catafalque under which his remains have since lain in state.

The harbor with its shipping merged into the limitless reach of the Mediterranean ever broadening southward in a great, blue plain, flecked with caps of silver, ever raising its horizon to the level of my eye. Over it, through a misty mirage of centuries, I saw the galleys of the Phœnicians scudding toward me, as they did fourteen

hundred years before Christ, when their galley keels first grated on the shores below and the barren cliffs then echoed to the shouts and commands of a language we know not of. Here those first naval adventurers and explorers of history, in their westward progress, established their rendezvous and port of call, and held it for seven long centuries. Eventually they



The blood of the Arab tribesman is in the veins of the Maltese



The native lavishes trappings on his mule and paint on his cart



A rural agricultural fair held in a wayside grove with the exhibits spread upon the ground



Women of Valetta in shopping costume. The *faldetta* is stiffened to form a hood

left many monuments behind, such as the famous monoliths of Hagiar Kim (Stones of Veneration) in the north of Malta.

Again, a little more clearly, I could see the Greeks coming in 755 B. C. to the swing of oar and the flaunt of sail; here they found the honey bee and its gift to man, so they named the islands Melita (Malta?), after that sweet product for which they were famous. In the wake of the Greeks came the Carthaginians; then the Romans in their great triremes, and it was during their rule that Paul the Apostle was wrecked some eight miles away in the bay now bearing his name. Another



fleet, lateen-rigged, bulged over the southern horizon, and I marveled at the nomadic instincts which enabled those Arabs not only to breast the relentless Saharan heat and withering sand storms, but to cross this stretch of the Middle Sea and to take and hold these islands for two and a quarter centuries. Then came Roger the Norman, at the end of the Eleventh Century, and drove them out. So after many vicissitudes under the Kings of Aragon and Castile, the Maltese Islands became the possession of Charles the Fifth, who in 1530, about the time his caravels were making conquests in Mexico and Peru, ceded them with Tripoli to the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Shortly after the American revolution, Napoleon seized the islands at the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, but in two years capitulated them to Lord Nelson, whereupon the inhabitants voluntarily ceded them to the English. By inscription in their Palace Square they have recorded "The voice of Europe and the love of the Maltese confirm these islands to the great, invincible Britain."

Now and again I looked down into Oriental gardens screened from below by the walls behind which they lay in verdant relief. Oriental, too, is the predominating character of Malta, as one glances up the cañoned streets from the water front. The warm-toned, massive walls of stone or tinted stucco are beautifully relieved by innumerable half-jalousied balconies rich in brilliantly painted colorings of red, green and golden yellow. At some of the house corners, in little half niches, sculptured saints look down and bless the quiet passing life beneath them.

I at last found myself at the top of the Strada Reale, the Broadway of Malta, running the length of the town along the top of Mount Sceberras, upon which Valetta is built. Sceberras was the ancient name applied to this promontory, and by the time one has climbed to the crest he appreciates the significance of this appellation, which in Arabic means "The Highest." Valetta, named after the Grand Master La Valette, comprises the world's unique and most marvelous battlements, encompass-



The church of St. John was named after the famous order of Crusaders

ing the entire sides of the peninsula for two and three-quarter miles in length and a maximum width of a mile. Vittoriosa and some neighboring towns are likewise encompassed, and a chain of defenses encircles the islands.

The glare of the sunlight reflected from the glistening white coralline limestone of which the roadway and most of these buildings are constructed, was to me more trying than the sun glare of the desert sands of Tripoli and easily accounted for the great number of wearers of blue and amber glasses among the passers-by.

The predominating dress follows English styles, for even Valetta is afflicted with the cutaway, and some of its inhabitants in mid-summer endure the capital punishment of the abominable "bowler" (derby) and that inartistic, apologetic headgear, the silk hat. There is some compensation in hats of straw from London and Naples and the ever picturesque sun helmet, by its white glint against the blue shadows, gives a soothing relief. Red-coated and khakied "Tommy Atkinses" offer brilliant accents echoed in smaller color spots of the red, blue or green swash-buckling sashes of the working classes who drift in from farms or up from their work as *lancheros* from the water front.

An occasional red-fezzed, turbaned Moor from Barbary, in his edge-embroidered brown *jellab* of camel's hair, scuffs bare-legged and yellow be-slipped about the business on which he came. The Arabs not only left their blood coursing in the veins of the

Maltese, but have indelibly written their history in Malta's stones, names and many customs. Perchance yonder Moor thinks of the days when his forebears made kings of Europe tremble for their thrones and dwelt in this very island, and his soft-burnoused, half-veiled women passed like silent specters through its streets. So in that unique hooded cloak, the *faldetta* of these women of Valetta, who pass by him he sees a survival of the Arab *barracan*.

The *faldetta*, usually black, is a covering of light cloth stiffened in the curved central portion, which may be shifted to either side of the head as sun, wind or privacy demands. The



ALONG THE STRADA REALE

The Strada Reale is the principal thoroughfare and runs along the top of the mount upon which the town of Valetta is built



The waterfront at Valetta showing old cannon now used as mooring posts



morning street costume is usually a dark skirt and white waist; in the evening or on social or gala occasions Parisian hats and white dresses are in evidence, often trimmed with that exquisite lace for which the Maltese are famous.

In the cool of the early morning, Malta bestirs itself and people wend their way to the markets, where the necessities of life are cheap and the food supply wholesome, and then its banks, business offices and clubs take on an attractive bustle, and the presses of its fifteen newspapers dispense the news of Valetta and the outside world through the medium of five in English, eight in Italian and two in the vernacular. Maltese women wend their way to mass and then to visit the shops, upon which the industries of Valetta and its environs depend, and where almost any commodity or luxury may be obtained.

No one who has wandered about those fascinating highways and byways can fail to recall the charm of the principal industry of the inhabitants, lace and filigree work, lying side by side with beautiful articles of coral. Malta has no commerce to speak of. It is primarily a place of transit, its inhabitants depending on the products of the country and on the army and navy and their establishments, which turn about \$500,000 annually into the coffers of the Maltese in salaries and materials; on the coaling and provisioning of steamers and on visitors from the boats, or from travelers journeying between Italy and the Barbary littoral.

But in the cool of the evening, pass through an arch and suddenly enter from a corner that attractive little square, the Piazza San Giorgio, cosily enclosed by ancient structures with overhanging Oriental balconies, relieved by an inner setting of small flowering trees. Fronting the marble statue of Victoria of England, in its flower-bed setting in the form of the Maltese cross, is the delightful little *Cafe de la Reine*.

Here I sipped ice drinks or Turkish coffee and looked out on the

Valettans at play. Probably in no people does the blood of Europe and North Africa so intermingle as in the Maltese, and yet no people in which it courses will disclaim Arab descendancy more than the majority of this island nation. The reason is not far to seek; the elite of Maltese society are the descendants of the Knights and the

Grand Masters and are noticeably proud of their lineage.

Some of the famous palatial lodges, known as *auberges* (inns) of these Knights are still preserved. One, I believe, is now used as the leading English club of Malta; fronting the principal promenade, the Piazza Regina, is the *Auberge de Castille*, of the Spanish Knights, in which are installed the offices of the Royal Engineers and the Royal Artillery. On the Strada Mezzodi is the *Auberge D'Italie*. Near by, at the top of the Strada Reale, on the site of *Auberge D'Angleterre*, or Inn of England, now stands the Royal Theatre, often a scene of brilliant festivity at night, and it is here, particularly on gala evenings, that one has the best opportunity to see Maltese society. The natural foregathering of the various nationalities in their respective *auberges*, and the distinction of class which naturally attended the life of the inhabitants in such a restricted area,



On the left is one of the ancient *auberges* or inns of the Knights of St. John



Several stairways, lined with shops, afford passage between the upper and lower towns



VALETTA AND THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN

Behind the grim walls crowned by the towers of the great Cathedral, the Valhalla of the medieval knights, the life of Valetta suggests the romantic spirit of the Crusades

under such a rigid régime as that of the Order, have made the society of the place of rather a peculiar nature.

So although Valetta has some of the characteristics of a garrison town and naval station, the native inhabitants seem to care little for the system of English hospitality. The more or less secluded character of their life behind the grim walls, shuttered windows and jalousied balconies, not only is suggestive of that of the days of the Crusades, but savors more of the life of the Orient in this island of the Midland Sea where the East and West have met.

Eliminate in this ancient setting a few jarring notes of be-trousered, modern Malta, dress her citizens in doublet and hose of the

(Continued on page 56)



Goose girls and their flocks

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE POLISH WAR ZONE

CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ADVANCING AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN ARMIES IN VOLHYNIA—AN ELEVENTH-HOUR ESCAPE TO ODESSA—POLAND'S PART IN THE WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

[The chief character in the following narrative is an American lady, the wife of a Polish nobleman residing in the province of Volhynia. Her experiences are here retold from her letters by Mr. William Warfield.—EDITOR]

CENTRAL EUROPE has not been involved in any war for centuries in which the people of Poland have not been among the chief sufferers. Their forceful individuality and devotion to principle have brought them constantly into conflict with their less scrupulous neighbors whose autocracy has given them repeatedly the power to overcome temporarily the proud spirit of the Poles. This is partly due to geographical position, and to the fact that the rich grain lands of this most fertile country in Europe make splendid battlefields, besides supplying forage for almost unlimited armies. Poland finds herself to-day between two fires—between vast, careless, unscrupulous Russia, and the desperate Austro-Germanic alliance, whose armies, fighting for their very existence, have been driven by utter terror of extermination into a madness of unthinkable brutality.

Little did I realize when I came to Poland as a bride that I should be called upon in little more than a year to bear with my husband a share of this dark heritage. We have not suffered quite so

much as many of my husband's compatriots, but nevertheless our experience of war has been associated with so many horrors and such a multiplicity of dangers that it seems impossible that those at home can appreciate our story.

My home is in the Russian Polish province of Volhynia, three hundred miles southeast of Warsaw, but only about seventy-five from the eastern frontier of Austria. To reach it by rail we generally go from Vienna to Cracow, the ancient capital, and thence eastward across the whole length of Austrian Poland, through Lemberg, or Lvov as the Poles call it, to the Russian frontier at Volotchisk. On the outskirts of this shabby little town is Frydrykow, my husband's birthplace. Here his father, Count

— lives in a newly finished country mansion, with my mother-in-law and their three daughters. The house, on which all the loving interest of the family has been lavished during the long period required in these country districts for building and finishing, looks through a beautiful glade in its



POLISH PEASANTS IN VOLHYNIA

In general the lot of the Polish peasant of to-day is not unlike that of his ancestor in the Thirteenth Century



richly wooded park, across the river Zbruncz into Austria. It stands upon an eminence, surrounded once by carefully tended gardens and majestic old trees, but to-day the garden is in ruins and the trees have been felled to make way for artillery fire.

Fortunately for me and my little baby, our own home is seventy-five miles farther east. We can reach it by going by rail to the garrison town of Ptoskuroff, and then driving fifty miles farther over the military road that passes within a short distance of Ostropol, the dirty little village, chiefly inhabited by Jews, on the outskirts of which we live. The country is beautifully rolling, marked off into fields of rich black earth, some large, cultivated for the master, some small, tilled by the peasants for their own use. Here and there it is broken by a carefully preserved forest or a picturesque village of heavily thatched huts, often gayly painted in light shades of blue, pink or green. Near by is always a large pond, or a small lake, in which the geese, raised by the peasants in great numbers, disport themselves each evening, and where the women do the family laundry and bleach the home-made linen of which their clothes are made. These women are round-faced, pleasant and respectful, though often sad looking because of the hard life they lead. The men are heavy-featured, stupid-looking, generally bearded, and in most cases gruff and unpleasant. They are brutal and vindictive and, being cowards, are terrible when aroused to mob violence, but ordinarily only sulky and suspicious.

When we heard the first rumors of war during the latter days of

July, the country was brilliant with blossoming crops of buckwheat and sugar beets, and the golden harvest of wheat lay freshly cut in the fields. The peasants were busy gathering the seed stalks of the flax along road sides colorful with borders of continuous blossom, the blossom of poppies and bluebells and daisies, big Polish daisies many times as large as those one sees in America. In a twinkling of an eye this was changed. Mobilization began and on the first of August five hundred men were marched away from our village of Ostropol, including the best of our farm laborers. Those who remained, the second reserves and the boys, refused to work, but gathered in the public-houses in the Jewish village and grew wild with *vodka*.

It was a time of great danger for us. A drunken *moujik* is a perfect beast. His hatred of his master is unbounded in ordinary times and he receives every kindness with suspicion. At this time there were plenty of wild spirits that proposed the plundering of our house. But my husband has always been kind to his men and the more faithful ones calmed the others. Meanwhile our work horses were all taken by the military and we feared to be cut off from all hope of escape by the loss of our carriage animals as well, for we learned that the stables of our

nearest neighbor had been entirely cleared. Our chief forester, upon whom we generally relied for protection in time of danger from the peasants, was recalled to his home in Galicia for military service, and our farm manager, also an Austrian, was summoned, but pleaded illness, in order to stand by us in our time of need. Meanwhile the



Peasant women doing the washing in the spillway between two ponds



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF OSTROPOL

The countryside of Poland retains many of the aspects of medieval Europe, where the houses of the peasants and villagers cluster around the church and the home of the local nobleman



harvest lay untouched in the field, for not a man was to be got to work for love or money. Even if we had been able to get it threshed, there was no money anywhere to pay for it. The situation seemed hopeless. We could not think of fleeing with the countryside in disorder, no railway service, and the nearest city, Kieff, two hundred miles away. We had no word from the family at Frydrykow and scarcely knew what to expect from that quarter. My little four-months' old Therese was the only perfectly happy member of the family.

My husband gathered what men he could to protect the house and slept with loaded firearms at hand.

But the mobilization had only begun. After a night of revelry in the village, accompanied by fierce noises and the lurid light of fires, a group of officers came with an escort and closed the liquor shops. They called out all the reserves to the last man, and also the recruits who should have joined the army this fall. We learned from them that a large concentration camp had been established a short distance away and that an army corps was about to march toward Volotchisk to meet the Austrians, who were already bombarding the frontier headquarters. Leaving us this ominous news they went away, their men driving off some horses and all our live stock save a single cow that I was able to keep for baby. All afternoon troops were passing by, the roads having been hurriedly cleared by patrols of gendarmes. Danger from the neighboring peasants was over, but we still did not know what to expect from stragglers from the army. I do not know what I should have done had my husband had to leave me, but there is a law in Russia exempting only sons from service whose fathers are over sixty. I still had him, and the care of my infant kept my mind off my own troubles. So passed the second and third of August.

Meanwhile we learned what was happening at Frydrykow. All ordinary means of communication by rail, by carriage, by telegraph, being curtailed, we had to trust to faithful servants, who carried messages on foot, or gather what we could from frightened refugees that soon began to pass through in crowds. The family were turned out of the beautiful new house, which was estab-

lished as a base hospital. Troops were encamped in the park and in all the surrounding points of vantage, cutting away the trees that interfered with the line of fire. The headquarters staff was established in the adjacent town of Volotchisk, and the railway lines that might serve the Austrians were blown up. All of my father-in-law's horses were taken, as well as the motor-car which he had hoped to use as a means of escape. The troops camped on his broad estates took everything they chose or required, plundering and foraging indiscriminately.

The Austrians were meeting this Russian move by a similar concentration on Podvolotchisk across the river. One of their chief offensive plans was the occupation of our province of Volhynia, and they were quite prepared. As soon as a state of war was declared they began a fierce bombardment, to which the Russians, constantly reinforced, responded in kind. They fought with the

grim bulldog tenacity of the *moujik*, while the overwhelming forces across the river battered the town and the frontier villages to bits, firing the thatch roofs and crumbling the ill-made walls.

My father-in-law's house, on account of its light color, situated on a commanding eminence, robbed of its screen of trees, must have been an easy mark, and owes its escape only to the fact that the Red Cross flag flew over it.

As soon as the fighting started we ceased to be able to communicate with the family. Our messenger got no nearer than a point fifteen miles from the firing line. But he came back with frightful reports. These were soon confirmed by the refugees, fleeing in swarms, terrified by the death-dealing effects of the Austrian fire. My husband was in a state bordering on collapse. We could not tell whether his family were dead or alive. We only knew that the frontier was marked by a line of desolated habitations. We kept up our courage by the hope that the stories we heard might have grown with the length of the flight

of their narrators. Fortunately we were relieved on the score of our peasants, who were fairly cowed and began to look on us with respect rather than hatred because we stayed by them, although they knew we had still a pair of carriage horses and might have fled.

Still there was danger from stragglers and refugees, and our one



A TYPE OF POLISH CARRIAGE

Four-horse carriages are necessary for travel in the rural districts because of the bad state of the roads



A VILLAGE GREEN NEAR VOLOTCHISK

These greens are used as a common pasture ground by the peasants. The building in the background is a Russian church

policeman came almost daily to warn us. Every night we slept with loaded rifles beside the bed. In the daylight I was possessed of some courage, taken up as I was with care for the baby, but at night when she was asleep, and I could hear her English nurse and my Austrian maid talking in frightened whispers, when my husband strode up and down worrying about the safety of his family, at such times I felt an awful sinking feeling and wished we were all in peaceful America.

On August 7 the news came that the Russians had been driven back and the Austrians were across the frontier. Still there was no news from Frydrykow, only the wild tales of increasing numbers of refugees.

The opposing armies were fighting furiously, now only a score of miles away. The Russians were resting their line on Ptoskuroff, our station on the railway, a well fortified garrison town. If this inner line were forced we should see the enemy marching by our front gate. What would happen then we could imagine from the tales of the refugees, poor, tired old men and women, marching by on foot, loaded with sacks of bedding and weeping children. They told us the Austrians were burning and plundering everywhere, committing all sorts of excesses. This we could hardly believe, for we knew the Austrians wished to occupy permanently the province, and we could not imagine why they wished to destroy it. But the reports were constantly confirmed and we were forced to believe them. That evening a cavalry patrol rode into Ostropol and ordered the villagers to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. Clearly the Russians feared to be forced to retreat again.

Our house is built high up on the steep bank of a little river. It is not the historic chateau of Ostropol in which many of my husband's ancestors lived in the brave days of the Polish kingdom. That building stood at the other end of the garden on a more commanding site. There it was burned to the ground



The peasant women share with the men the labor of gathering the crops



LOOKING ACROSS THE OSTROPOL RIVER

All the frontier villages have suffered great hardships in shortage of food, if not in actual destruction by the contending armies



Gathering the grain from the rich agricultural lands. Cattle and crops were later requisitioned

a generation ago by the Russian troops quartered in it during the last insurrection. All that remains of the once beautiful building is a vineclad foundation and the entrance to the well-built vaulted cellars, which have been used in recent times for storing tools and garden produce. The house in which we live was originally the gardener's residence, and was made over for my husband and me when we were married.

In this time of trouble it was dismantled, ready for desertion. The silver and all our valuables had been buried and only the necessities remained. But my husband was not satisfied. We could hear the sound of cannon rolling along the western horizon.

We knew that a battle to the death was going on. The Russians were giving back slowly in many places.

My husband was becoming convinced that he would never again see his father, mother or sisters, but he was determined to save his wife and child. Hastily he cleaned out the old cellar, provisioned it and made it as comfortable as possible. We lived between it and the house. The battle continued to rage in the direction of Ptoskuroff. Peasants from our outlying villages told us bombs were already bursting on the more distant

parts of our property. The stream of refugees passed by. Only our peasants remained.

Meanwhile we had little news from the outer world. We heard that the Germans were near Warsaw and had burned several towns. We heard, too, with the greatest joy that England had declared war on Germany and felt that through her aid we might hope for victory, for we looked upon Germany as the cause of all our troubles.

On the night of August 8 the western sky was red with the glare of burning villages and forests. The house was dismantled and we all slept in the cellar, glad of its protection despite the musty dampness. It was a night of terrible suspense. We did not know what to expect or what to do in any eventuality. But

(Continued on page 53)

In the Wake of the Snow Roller



The spirit of the winter road

SLEIGHING THROUGH THE SNOW-BOUND COUNTRYSIDE OF VERMONT—THE FASCINATION OF THE WINTER ROAD—MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE FARMERS

JULIAN DIMOCK

Photographs by the Author

IT was a real old-fashioned winter; the oldest inhabitant admitted that, and had to search his memory for cold as severe or snow-fall as heavy. Of course we didn't know that it was to be a record winter when we started out with a horse and sleigh for a five-weeks' trip over the back roads of northern Vermont. Neither, from our feelings, did we know that it was so severe, for we were perfectly warm, and the coldest weather and severest storms brought exhilaration to our spirits, while the driving, day after day, gave exuberant health.

Our outfit wasn't stylish, neither were our clothes, but what we lacked in style we made up in comfort. Our welcome never lacked warmth because we looked like a couple of gypsies, although on later acquaintance people often made fun of our costumes, but always with the fun went the envy that our enjoyment created. The little traverse sleigh had seen many years' service in carrying the mail before I bought it for \$15. But it was light, of easy draught and just held us and our belongings. The black horse was part broncho and sacrificed beauty to strength and wiriness. Our traps, from camera to clothes, were in water-proof cases and fitted in the sleigh with the exactness of a fifteen puzzle of ancient vintage.

In any trip out of the usual channel of tours, the frame of mind is the most important thing. Madame and I cultivated a carefree disposition on purpose for this trip. We didn't care where we

spent the nights nor where we went. As a matter of fact, we usually made a prefigured point by night, but it made little difference to us if we didn't. We stopped at farm house or country hotel, as happened, and enjoyed them both. We left as early or as late in the morning as suited our convenience, or stayed over a day if there were things we wished to see. We drove on days when the mercury was thirty degrees below zero, and on days when a strong wind made it so bitter that none but logging teams were on the roads—even Vermonters choosing to remain indoors. We were out all day in the blizzard that paralyzed New York, driving through lumber woods at the foot of Mt. Mansfield. The beauty of that one day was worth the whole trip. But so were the beauties of most days. I could count on the fingers of one hand the hours when we really felt the cold, and the minutes when we were sorry that we were out could be counted on our thumbs. It was a gorgeous trip from start to finish, without a hint or hardship, filled with pleasure for the time and furnishing sweet memories for the future.

Our outfit was put to the severest test, and it stood that test so well that it may help some other wayfarer if I describe it at some length. Vermont is peculiarly adapted to a trip of this kind, because it is made up of little villages. They are dotted all over the State.

Cities are too few to be considered. One dresses for the small village, and that costume is adapted to any place in Vermont. A khaki-colored flannel shirt was not out of place in one of the big hotels in the chief city of the State, nor was it out of keeping in the humblest farm house at which we stopped. With some misgivings we entered a rather imposing looking hotel of a small town clad in moccasins and swathed in furs and wool, but were there welcomed as cordially as if we came with clothes of the latest cut.

Winter is not a new thing to Vermont, and she has learned how to take care of her roads during that season of storm and stress. Instead of the snow plow, she uses a snow-roller; instead of digging out her roads, she pounds them down hard, so that teams may safely drive over the top of the snow. These picturesque rollers are everywhere—are out on the roads early in the morning and late in the afternoon after every fall of snow. They



"Winter in the country was just made for kids"



THE ROAD THROUGH THE VILLAGE

"It was a real old-fashioned winter—the oldest inhabitant admitted that. But for us each day on the road brought vigor and exhilaration anew"

go over the main traveled highways and over the back hill roads, leaving hard-packed trails behind them.

For such a driving trip the motive power is obviously the most important single factor. The horse must be adapted to the work and strong enough to pull the load easily. Our horse belied her looks. She was small and unprepossessing looking, but the broncho blood supplied the stamina and toughness which made her actually put on flesh during the trip, despite the hard work. She was a wily little customer and peculiarly capable of taking care of herself. When the day's trip seemed long enough to her, she plainly intimated that it was time to hunt a stable. But that very fact kept her in better trim and always kept a reserve force to call upon in time of need. She didn't use herself up in bursts of speed (maybe she had speed, but I never discovered it), but kept her strength for the long, hard pulls.

The sleigh must be light and of sufficient size to carry the necessary baggage. The photographic outfit doubled our requirements in this line. Apart from the clothes we wore, a suit case and a canvas bag carried all necessary personal paraphernalia. It is well to have a conveyance that will not upset too easily, as the chances of this are always present, especially when a huge snow-roller looms up on the horizon. I would not ask for a more comfortable rig than the little traverse sleigh which we used. There was just room for our

rather clumsy load. For merely personal effects there would have been room and to spare. The double sleds made it possible to turn around with the least effort and in the smallest space. The one weak point of the thing we discovered the first day and had remedied at a blacksmith shop. The back of the seat was too low. Eight inches additional height made the change from a backache to comfort at a cost of fifty cents.

Clothing may make the difference between enjoyment and discomfort on such a trip. Properly clothed, one can keep warm and enjoy every instant of the time, but with insufficient covering the enjoyment will be chilled! "I've heard people say that you can keep warm with a newspaper, but take it from me, there's nothing to it," one man with thirty years' experience said after looking approvingly at our costumes.

Madame is not adapted to withstanding exposure either by physique or training, yet she was so protected that she scarcely felt the sensation of cold on the whole trip. She thus described her wrappings in writing to her friends:

Head—One French flannel hood, one hat, one veil.

Trunk—Two suits underwear, one waist, one chest protector, wool tights, woolen leggings, flannel petticoat, sateen petticoat, wool sweater, sheepskin vest, heavy ulster, fur coat, llama wool muffler.

Feet—One pair stockings, shoes, two pairs heavy homespun socks



(worn over shoes), heavy moccasins.

Hands—Two pairs gloves, pair fringed mittens, muff.

Charcoal foot warmer, hot water bottle.

These clothes weighed thirty pounds and were much too heavy for any walking. The superfluous hat had to be worn; for it couldn't be carried otherwise, and special occasions demanded it.



THE LOGGER IN THE WOODS

"We reveled in days so cold that none but hardened loggers ventured out-of-doors"

My own costume consisted of two suits of underwear (one light and one very heavy), sweater, Pontiac shirt, heavy flannel shirt, Pontiac trousers, wool muffler, fur coat and cap, fur-lined mittens, and (for state and festival occasions) a house coat.

The cost of our five-weeks' trip was as follows:

Extra equipment, sleigh, horse blanket, etc.....	\$22.10
Board, meals and laundry.....	86.10
Board for horse.....	17.00
Sundries, comprising drugs, church collection, chicken show, postage, candy, magazines, papers, etc.....	9.36
	<hr/> \$134.56

I have left out the item of photographic plates and prints, as they would not have to do with anyone else wishing to make such a trip. The horse was loaned to me for the winter for her keep. As against the hire of a horse is the matter of equipment in the above table. If one could chance on some one with an idle horse the cost of the motive power might be less than that assessed against our trip.

The ordinary wardrobe will contain all clothing needed for such a trip save the following, which are given with their approximate cost and the places

where they may be purchased:

Fur coat. City or country, or may be rented in country, \$15 to \$20.

Seamster's sheep-lined corduroy coat may be substituted, probably advantageously. Country, \$7.

Sheepskin vest. Sporting goods store. City, \$5.

Mittens, fleece lined. City or country, \$2.

Wool gloves. City or country, \$1.

Wool leggings. Department store. City, \$1.

Heavy wool socks. Country, per pair, 35 cents.

Or substitute sheepskin carriage shoes. Country store, \$2.

At least two fur robes are needed and a street blanket for the horse. The street blanket may be profitably used inside the fur as an additional lap robe. It is well to reinforce the foot warmer with a lantern, as the former sometimes does not last as long as it is expected to and a lighted lantern inside the robes supplies a surprising amount of heat and comfort. It is well to have a curry comb and brush for the horse, as the stop may be at some farm where the care of the animal will devolve upon its driver. These, with halter and stable blanket, will care for the beast.

As for route, that is better planned as you go along. Start from somewhere and have only the day's trip in mind. The people along the road can tell you where to go next. The State of Vermont publishes an excellent road map, which is all the guide you need besides such inquiries as you would naturally make wherever you happen to stop. Make yourself *persona grata* with one farmer's family, and you probably will be passed along to another, and so on and on. Or, the country hotels are surprisingly good and one can make no serious mistakes in relying on them.

Purely for the sake of giving a definite starting point I will suggest Wells River. From there take either of two routes to Derby Line, which is a customs port on the Canadian boundary. Coming south again, swing to the westward and make for Waterbury, from there turning east to Montpelier, west to Burlington or Addison county, or keeping straight south to Bethel or White River Junction.

If you want to take such a trip and find it hard to plan routes, jump aboard a train for Wells River, and there hire a horse and sleigh and hike for the north. It doesn't matter which road you take or where you plan to go. The whole object of the trip is to be free from such trammels as plans. Start! And make your plans as you go along.

Don't be in too much of a hurry, for you will lose much of the pleasure of the trip if you are. For many years it was my business to get on the right side of people in the south and the north. A business man requires the case presented in a few words, but the rural inhabitant needs plenty of time to think things over and you will lose most of the fun if you hurry him. Moreover, your respect for him will grow as you watch him at his work. He is resourceful and self-reliant as few city men are, he can do a

(Continued on page 55)



AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

"The lure of the winter road is strong upon me. I long to see the country just over the hill"

A LAST LOOK 'ROUND AMERICA

FROM AUSTERE SALT LAKE CITY TO COSMOPOLITAN SAN FRANCISCO—EASTWARD THROUGH THE WHEAT-BELT TO NIAGARA AND MONTREAL—THE HABIT OF WRITING ABOUT AMERICA

STUART MARTIN

Photographs by the Author

[This is the fifth and last of a series of articles which Mr. Martin, a well-known English journalist, has written for TRAVEL on various phases of American life and character as they affect the foreign observer.—EDITOR]



The Seagull Monument, Salt Lake City

UNLIKE other cities, Salt Lake is part of the scenic makeup of America. Its position on the continent, its remarkable history, its strange relationship with other cities, all make it an extraordinary place, baffling at first to the stranger, and only capable of being treated by the casual observer as part of the scenery amid which it is built. The great Temple overshadows the city in just the same way as Rome is overshadowed by the Vatican, but I do not believe, though a Mormon elder vowed it to me, that the Mormon Temple will endure as the Vatican has endured; and one of the reasons I hold this view is that the Vatican has never given up any one of its fundamental beliefs because of outside pressure or threats, whereas the Mormon church actually desires publication of a retreat from a position once tenaciously held.

Sixteen miles from the city, by way of salt fields and meadows, is the famous Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America, a natural puzzle and wonder. Without this inland sea of salt I question if the city that bears its name would have made such rapid strides. Saltair is the one big side show—apart from Mormon buildings and Mormon interests—that Salt Lake City possesses. One is invited—nay, recommended—to bathe in the salt lake. I bathed. The chief recollections I have is seeing crowds of men and women rolling about on the surface of the water, young ladies forming long lines with feet under each other's armpits, paddling along like great twisting snakes, and men standing philosophically, arms folded on chests, shivering in the cold. A bath in the salt lake is certainly invigorating, but it is hopeless to try to swim. You may bob up and down as long as you like and get almost choked with the salt, or you may get out and take a walk on the long piers and return to the water again, but swimming is out of the question. The majority of the people who go to Saltair are content to take a stroll in the water and then bask on the pavilion or piers after they have sprayed the salt off.

It is a pity there are so many show stands on the pavilion at Saltair, for the sight of them is somewhat devastating to one who visits the place for the first time. And the ballroom is unconvincing. I had read about that ballroom when I was thousands of miles away. The claim is made, I believe, that it is the largest of the kind in the world. Well, I am not at the moment able to successfully dispute the claim, but I have a feeling that the ballroom in the Tower of our own Blackpool is at least quite as big, and certainly it is more pleasing.

I cannot share the enthusiasm of some travelers in regard to Bingham's copper mines. I hold no shares in them. I have the insane notion that the beautiful mountains are more majestic without the coiling smoke of chimneys than with it, and I boarded the little train which carried me back to Salt Lake City wondering if the day would ever come when Bingham will have laid a blackened trail across the valley to Saltair. The sun had sunk below the horizon and the shadows of the great mountains were lying far over the Dead Sea when I left it; yet, beside the piers that jut out from the worn pavilion, hundreds of people were still bathing—little brick-red dots on a corrugated sheet of dark, gray water shot with purple, bounded on every side by darker hills.

Perhaps it was because I had absorbed as much scenic impressions as I could accommodate that I lagged in my stride towards California. I did not think America had more variety to offer, and therein I was mistaken; wherefore I here and now take off my hat to the

Golden West. I count myself more lucky than the adventurers in the days of Good Queen Bess, even though they did sail the Spanish Main and came upon enchanted lands. Not one of them, not even Francis Drake, set foot in country more glorious than the State which possesses the Golden Gate. They sailed past it, perhaps, and raided many a Spanish prize just beyond the horizon line, but not a soul of these adventurers, hoping to come upon an earthly paradise, dreamed that one was not far off waiting their pleasure. Down San Francisco way the agriculturalists gather their crops as soon as they raise them, planting more in the ground and raising the second and the third in the same time that it takes one crop to be raised in England. They bathe on the white beach daily near Cliff House by the clock, not by the



OUTSIDE THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY

The great towers of the Mormon Temple overshadow the city as Rome is overshadowed by St. Peter's



season of the year, so gentle and hospitable is this climate.

California is a land where palm trees tell you that you are where summer is. The blue mountains of Angel Island, the magnificently tinted Pacific Ocean, the warm sunshine, the lilac hills of Contra Costa in the distance, the sparkling surf that breaks on the beach, the gayly clad crowds, the azure sky, all emphasize the point. But still your calendar may inform you beyond controversy that it is but spring-time, or October, or even January. There is no winter here. Happy California!

A strong sense of Romance lies on the Pacific Coast city. It can never be banished nor explained. Enveloping San Francisco is an air of prosperity. Its fine buildings, raised after the earthquake shook the town to atoms, are bright and clean. Of course, there is a Chinatown. Its fame is voiced over the continent; but, believe me, the Chinatown of San Francisco, like the Chinatowns of other cities, is a fraud. All the scenes of

opium dens and other mysteries to which the tourist is admitted (for a fee) are really elaborate side shows. I have seen the real thing, and it is not nearly so theatrical as that for which the guide asks several dollars, but it is much more repulsive.

In some respects San Francisco is even more cosmopolitan than New York, and you are not surprised at this when you reflect that there is nothing but smooth water betwixt you on the beach and the most eastern end of the earth. At the mention of that East, in-

deed, Californians shudder a little. The little brown men of the East pass him daily in the streets of San Francisco—you may see them even at that moment on the sands or standing idly gazing at the Seal Rocks—and these same little Japanese may one day be a bother to California. For the present, however, San Francisco is very busy organizing her big Exposition, and is sparing no effort to

make it a success, so that she cannot afford the time to think about what may happen in the dim future. And when the Exposition is over she will return to the toil of enjoying herself amid her orange groves and palms. The Pacific Coast is the most tranquil scene in all America. It simply oozes with the tranquility of happy content. Not at all like the tranquility of the mighty barren cañons of the Rockies or the motionless Great Salt Lake, for instance. That is the tranquility of death.

And now let us see the mightiest wonder of Eastern America as some sort of contrast to those of the West. I crossed the con-

tinent to view Niagara Falls in order that, as I sped swiftly over Canada, I might take with me a lasting impression of their vastness. I shall not talk learnedly of the many tons of water that pour over the brink of both falls, for you know all that already; but I may admit at once that when I saw Niagara for the first time I was disappointed. Not until I had spent a full day roaming over Goat Island, passing from the American Falls to the Horseshoe Falls, and descending to the bed of the river far below did I appreciate the



TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY

Its position, its history and its associations make Salt Lake City unique among American cities



Statue of Brigham Young, the founder of Salt Lake City



The dome of St. James' Cathedral at Montreal



The French Cathedral of Notre Dame at Montreal



grandeur I had hoped to appreciate and know the feeling of awe I had expected. Still, I hold myself almost blameless in this belated admission, for I fear that you Americans have done something towards robbing Niagara of its glories, or at any rate towards minimizing them. But in this affair doubtless not a little portion of the blame lies on the other side of the river.

"Niagara has been tamed. The famous falls are in the back yard of the city. Ichabod," I said, as I stood in the main street beside the huge yellow tramcars and looked across the park at the wisps of spray which floated in the wind. It took me a day to discover that the glory was still there. I learned that day the hidden terrors of the Cave of the Winds, the remorselessness of the current that tears its way through the rapids, the silent savagery of the whirlpool and the majesty of the immense volume of water that sweeps over the brink of the precipice.

Clad in oilskins I went on board the *Maid of the Mist* with a stout heart and wet feet. We crept up towards the falls through a drenching drift of spray until the current caught the little *Maid* and she was pushed back out of the danger zone as if by an unseen hand. It was very thrilling; almost as thrilling as the adventure of the Cave of the Winds, where the ears are deafened by the roar of the watery avalanche. I experienced the usual feeling of human insignificance.

Yes, Niagara is a wonder. There is an Indian legend to the effect that the falls claim one human victim every year; but the legend makes a modest demand, for there is no lack of sacrifices. On the very day I was there toll of the third life within a very short time was taken. He was a Canadian fisherman to whom disaster came. His oar had broken when he was in the stream above the rapids and the current claimed him ruthlessly.

I happened to be near the Observatory when his little craft came into view. It was a pitiful, a frightful, a heartrending sight. A few minutes and it was all over. Nothing could have saved him, no human endeavor could prevent the loss of that life. We knew it, and he knew it, too. . . . The last I saw of the tragedy was a brave man waving a swift farewell. And he clutched at the white, roaring torrent as he went down.

It would seem that in some mysterious, inexplicable way much of our admiration of scenery is in proportion to the element of danger it presents. In the Rocky Mountains, at the Salt Lake, on board the fast transcontinental trains, the most common expression, as we contemplated a natural phenomenon, was man's helplessness to save himself in certain situations. "You wouldn't have much chance if you fell down there," said a Canadian as we stood on the

cliffs above the Royal Gorge. "I guess it would be a short life for anyone who tried to scale that rock," was the conclusion of a tourist as we gazed up a cañon in Colorado. "Wouldn't like to risk a swim in there," murmured another at the rapids of Niagara. It was remarkable how often this conflict of life and death intruded into our comparisons, and for that reason I was glad to be rid of it when I traveled over the golden meadows that lie northward. Never have I seen such land as that which borders the railroad, and I was lucky to see it when the earth was giving of her best. Mile after mile of orchards bordered the railroad track. Trees laden with fruit proclaimed the abundance of the produce and the fertility of the soil. Great fields of oats, wheat, and other crops waved in the soft breeze, some ripe like gold, some rich green, some just tinted yellow. And

this continued for not ten miles, but rolled away to the horizon and beyond. The whole of England could be taken and laid down amidst that wonderful harvest, and still there would be miles of it on either side.

Far over in the valleys we could see the reapers at work in the warm sunlight. Grain was being threshed in some places, and a constant stream of liquid gold was pouring from the spouts of the mechanical threshers. Homesteads—small wooden houses—flashed past, giving a glimpse of such

prosperity and security as is not seen elsewhere in the wide world. Black and white cattle, such as I have seen before only in Holland, browsed contentedly under the shade of the trees. It was a picture of a happy land that I saw on that noteworthy journey; a land like the earth was when man was an honest farmer.

Thus we traveled from sunrise to sunset through country that was peaceful and homely and clean, a perfect day of sweet pastoral joy; and as we rumbled through the little towns when the sun was sinking in a red mist and the sky was streaked with crimson, there floated across the meadows to us the leisurely ting-tong of church bells proclaiming the hour at which men rested from their labors. It was the curfew of the cornlands, a benediction on the settlers of the prairie.

Out of the land of plenty I rode to the waiting ship that was to bear me eastward. She lay in a Montreal dock, but there was a day or two to spare in which to see the city.

I was able to understand Montreal better before I left it, and I can forgive much of her narrow streets and unsightly squalor, inasmuch as she also possesses the Notre Dame church. I trembled with a strange belief that home was very near when I heard people speak in French and saw public notices posted up in that language. It seemed as if I were again but a score of miles from England

(Continued on page 55)



THE AMERICAN FALLS AT NIAGARA

"I admit that Niagara was disappointing at first. It took me a day to discover that the glory, the terror and the majesty were still there"



HOMEWARD BOUND

"There are many phases of your life I have left untouched, but my journeys have been lightened by a great experience"



Photo by Paul Thompson

Indian cooks at work in France. Caste restrictions require individual utensils, etc., for the soldiers



(C) International News Service

German soldiers drinking tea in a Polish village. Note the Russian samovar in the corner



Photo by Paul Thompson

Making the famous Iron Cross—the coveted award for bravery in the German army and navy



The Other Side of War



(C) International News Service

ENGLISH SOLDIERS AT HOME IN CAMP

Soldiering has its domestic side, and this scene outside a Belgian village is typical of the day's work of washing, drying and brushing up in camp. The seated soldier, it will be observed, is wearing a metal identification tag



(C) Underwood & Underwood

Belgian peasants fleeing from their homes before the advancing German army. Every roadside witnessed scenes like this



Photo from Underwood & Underwood

Saving the oxen as well as the household goods in the flight from Ghent. Note the three-wheeled cart



With the Belgian Refugees



(C) Underwood & Underwood

Safe at last in Rosendaal, Holland, after a hurried exit from bombarded and burning Antwerp



(C) Underwood & Underwood

A HALT IN THE FLIGHT FROM ANTWERP

Every means of transportation was pressed into service in the hurried evacuation of Antwerp. Thousands of families were rendered destitute, but the plight of the children was the most pitiable



The caravan halted at the well of Malla-Koou in the Kara-Kum sands, with the thermometer registering 163 degrees in the sun

INTO THE TOMB OF THE CARAVANS

A DASH ACROSS THE TRACKLESS DESERT OF KARA-KUM IN TURKESTAN, THE GRAVE OF LOST CARAVANS
—FIGHTING HEAT AND THIRST IN AN UNEXPLORED WASTE OF SAND

THOMAS H. UZZELL

Photographs by the Author

AN alarm threatening the geographical welfare of the Russian Empire had filtered up through numberless myrmidons of the *chinovnik* Empire from the desert wastes of Turkestan to the Minister of the Interior at St. Petersburg. The Tzar's pet railroad through Turkestan—the railroad that pins sixty-eight thousand square miles to the map of Muscovy—was threatened with disaster. More than this I shall not disclose. One must keep a promise, even to a Tzar. The ministry laid the matter before the Imperial Geographical Society. The Geographical Society politely and voluminously replied that it did not possess information enough to answer the honorable query. Professor Boris Nicholievitch Kurakin was appealed to as Russia's greatest authority on desert flora. He, in turn, testified with adequate formalities that, though he had thrice caravaned across the illimitable sands of Turkestan, he could not say without making another exploration; he would have to penetrate beyond all camel trails into a region never yet visited by man. Asked to state the needs of such an exploration, the Professor named a large number of roubles, *carte blanche* papers from the Minister of the Interior (Turkestan being *in statu belli*), and an Anglo-Saxon assistant. The order went forth and two-score *chinovniks* began drawing up papers.

I called on the Professor and applied for the job. Short, stout, with black hair and beard, a savant with a gentle disposition masked by a solemn and august exterior, he sat amid his stacks of scientific volumes, jars of pickled spiders and snakes and dried specimens of grasses and leaves and told me the nature of the expedition. "I want an Englishman or an American," he said, "because your race has the explorer's qualities of grit and resourcefulness which our race lacks. There will be deprivations; we shall run risks. I shall pay you a salary besides your expenses and guarantee you an experience you'll never forget."

"*Po rukam!*" I exclaimed, as we shook hands. I went home in

high spirits and began at once to pack my luggage for the trip.

We left St. Petersburg on May 20, New Style, with the snows barely off the ground, and five days later arrived in Baku on the Caspian Sea, where Persian and Cossack laborers were busy harvesting wheat. We crossed the Caspian at night on a handsome steamer, arrived at Krasnovodsk the next morning, and took rail for Askhabad on the desert *Skorost* or Express.

Furnace blasts of heat poured through our compartment, causing us to gasp for breath and coating everything with a deposit of gritty dust. "Have you good nerves?" asked the Professor as soon as we had stowed our instruments and luggage. "There is a special officer of the secret police traveling in your honor in the next compartment."

At Askhabad we were fitted out with a tiny, box-like caboose by the chief of the road (a major-general of the army!), transferred our baggage, secured Pavel to cook for us, coupled on to the end of a slow passenger train and rattled out into the interminable regions of thirst, heat and dust. We side-tracked at Merv, started two of the biggest camels in Turkestan going in the direction of our jumping-off place, laid in some more supplies at Chardjui on the Amu-Daria River, and finally took permanent siding at the *stanzia* called Uch-Adji.

Now Uch-Adji has more local color than any spot this side of Mars. It boasts a blue water tank, a tiny stone depot, a few white-walled mud huts, a public *bania* or bath-house (wherever you see even two or three Russians settled permanently in one spot, there you will find a *bania*); is populated by a handful of Sarts, a Cossack or two, a gendarme and, of course, *nachalnik* or station-master, one cow (replaced every few months with a live one), ten hens, and a notorious and flourishing colony of poisonous spiders, falangas, tarantulas and scorpions. The *stanzia* is situated on a section of the vast Kara-Kum sands much resembling a telescopic view of the moon; it is one hundred and forty-five miles north of the Afghan border and lies at the heart of that part of Turkestan which, because of the number of



camel trains that have perished in it, has been dubbed "The Tomb of the Caravans." In ancient days the caravans going up from Samarcand and Bokhara to Merv for carpets and silks, or to the Caspian Sea with spices for Europe, wandered off into this blasted, trackless region and were lost, leaving the bones of camels and men to mark their tragic end. Scores of explorers of all nationalities have pushed into the Caucasus and into Ferghana north of Afghanistan, but have kept to the mountains and foothills, leaving Kara-Kum to remain a vast blank spot on the map of the world. A few years ago a company of American engineers with a luxurious, unwieldy caravan, entered these waterless sands and was saved from an awful disaster by the fortuitous finding of water by a Sart guide. A desert where Death stalks in such visible and horrible forms is avoided by all—except by Professor Kurakin. My Russian employer loves Kara-Kum and talked unceasingly of its strange people and its fascination for a botanist of the desert.

Our trip southeast into the unexplored sands was much like a final dash for an arctic pole with all the circumstances reversed. The desiderata of our venture were a small party and rapid movements; but our enemies were heat and thirst.

At two o'clock on the morning of June 2 we were wakened from restless slumber by the heavy breathing and groaning of our camels. We heard a sibilant hiss from the camel-driver, the thud of two monster bodies coming to rest on the sand, and then two long-drawn sighs ludicrously expressive of fatigue and despair. I looked out of the window and saw Rajab, the Sart, standing in the wan moonlight beside his anchored animals, patiently waiting for orders.

Before sunrise we bore out along the serpentine trail of the wood-bearing caravans. The two camels, carrying between them five *poods* or (one hundred and eighty) pounds of camp duffel besides the water kegs, had already preceded us by two hours, led by Rajab on Moo-Moo, his little white donkey. Boris Nicholievitch, Garbushkin, our Cossack guide and cook, and I followed on three Tekke ponies. We used ponies instead of camels because of the necessity of alighting frequently to collect specimens of flora and soil and take photographs.

We covered the first stretch of nineteen versts to the first well,

Malla-Koou, by noon. The trail ascended until we appeared at the extreme rim of a smooth saucer of sand nearly half a mile from edge to edge. A tiny *kibitka*, or native hut, and a flock of kneeling camels about the rude well, dotted the center of this vast, shallow amphitheater. We found our camels among the herd and hastened to prepare for our noon siesta. The heat by this time was unbearable, registering 122° in the shade of our tarpaulin and 163° in the sun. I tried to throw myself into an enjoyment of the novelties of the place, to photograph the natives perched like great birds along the rude trough by the well with their feet in the cooling water, but it was impossible. A blazing wind whistled over the rim of the great saucer, burning my cheeks like flame. From that moment I was no longer a traveler joyously bagging game with my camera and making notes at every provocation: my ideas of adventure dwindled away and my whole being became occupied with the absorbing problem of emerging from Kara-Kum alive!

I drank a kettle of hot tea, soused myself with water, and stretched out beside my partner, who was already sound asleep.

After two hours we rose, mounted our ponies, sent the camels ahead along the trail, and rode up among the precipitous *barkhanie* sands to the north of the well. There are few sights in nature more awful and inspiring than these naked, moving sands. We forced our horses up their drifting sides and, shading our cheeks with our hands, gazed through half-shut eyes upon a shipless, sculptured sea. Great cycle-like combers, some of them miles in length, were halted in their straining, mad haste to reach the illimitable, white horizon. Here and there desiccated, knotty clumps of *saksaul* clung to the sides of these tawny waves or toppled upon their racing crests. Clouds of foaming sand blew off the ridges, loosening tons of sand to leeward, which slid in avalanches to the gul-

lies below. These stupendous waves traveled thus across the desert at the rate of fifteen inches a year, whelming everything in their path in a ponderous and awful burial. Heat waves rose in quivering, white flames from the troughs of this petrified ocean storm. The air was incandescent, blinding. The professor attempted photographs in all directions, and the high-speed focal plane shutter rang out above the shrilling wind like a rifle shot.



THE COMMISSARIAT ON THE MARCH

The two camels, carrying 180 pounds of camp duffel besides the water-kegs, were led off by Rajab on a diminutive donkey



Keeping our horses to the wind-hardened ridges, we wound back by compass among the uncharted *barkhanies* to the trail, and pushed on toward Ak-Adjakoou, the next well, thirty-one versts farther into the desert. We had only one flask of water among us, the sun burned our backs through our shirts, the wind dried our cheeks and blasted them with fine mineral dust until they felt like sand-paper to the touch. We had been able to eat nothing at noon and were weak from hunger. We thirsted. This agony of the desert thirst falls upon a traveler in a few hours' time. The membranes of the mouth contract, the saliva ducts exude froth, physical languor succeeds, and the imagination busies itself with radiant pictures of waterfalls, and pitchers of crystal water tinkling with ice.

It seemed ages before the flaming sun toward which we rode crept down the sky and disappeared in clouds of whirling sand. Never have I known so long an afternoon. Finally, however, darkness blackened the desert as if some one had turned off the light. We rode on in utter silence, bowed over our saddle horns, with but one thought in our minds—to detect a slight thinning in the parched vegetation which would indicate the proximity of the well. The *saksaul* bushes thinned and thickened again. We forced the ponies into a trot. It was nine o'clock, pitch dark; we kept the trail only by virtue of the horses' instinct. O for a well and water to wet our mouths! We had perspired until we were limp and weak. At last Garbushkin announced that we had passed the well two hours before! We turned back and doubled on our tracks. No well, no camels! We took turns shouting from time to time. We set our compasses and left the trail.

Late that night we heard the faint tinkle of the bell on our rear camel, hastened towards it, and found poor Rajab with the lead rope over his shoulder, the donkey cast adrift, wading about in circles, lost, dazed, exhausted. It was then, as we came upon this pathetic but welcome sight, that my ears listened to the sweetest music they have ever known. Never have I been charmed, never thrilled by an ecstasy equal to the splashing and churning of the water in those flattened little kegs lashed to the swaying sides of those abject dromedaries!

We abandoned our search for Ak-Adjakoou and had Rajab bring his animals to earth on the top of a rounded hillock which was in the current of the cool night breezes. I fell out of my saddle and staggered to a keg which Rajab soon dumped on to the sand. We filled a pail with the tepid water and gathered about it. The first few rounds we flavored with wine and sugar. I paused a few moments for breath, tipped up the bucket and drank until I reeled. Then we lay on our backs and slept.

I woke and stared straight at a gigantic, blood-red sun which, to all appearances, rested on the desert not a mile away. It seemed like a transparent bag of boiling and squirming flames which momentarily threatened to burst from their envelope and spill out over the surrounding gray floor of sand. I heard slow, powerful respirations a few feet away like the exhausts of laboring pumps—the sonorous breathing of the chewing camels. The professor was snoring softly by my side. The horses were snuffing in their oat bags, while Garbushkin was bustling about a camp fire. I pondered: the memory of the previous day's



The last flight of a migrating hawk which had tarried at the well



The first picture of a venerable tribesman and his mild reproach



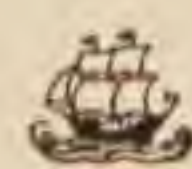
A DESERT FOREST PRIMEVAL

These bushy wastes of *saksaul* in Kara-Kum had never before been penetrated by white men



FINDING OUR BEARINGS

On the second day we lost the camels and wandered about in a circle for several hours without water



Our contented kitchen camel after gulping down a bucket of water



Rajab, ragged and forbidding, but a true child of the desert



FUEL FOR THE TZAR'S RAILROAD

The wood-burning locomotives are supplied with fuel from the desert by camel caravans



THE TOMB OF THE CARAVANS

The scorched and trackless Kara-Kum has earned its name by a long record of lost caravans

event seemed like a phantasmagorical and disordered dream.

Before I could lace my leggings, however, the sun's bag of flames lifted itself off the dirty floor of the desert, melted into an indistinguishable blot of white heat, and aroused again the dreams of waterfalls and pitchers of tinkling ice. "Drink when you can, not when you want to" is the first rule of the desert, and we passed around the pail before getting into our saddles.

We had not gone two hundred yards when we came upon the elusive but now welcome well of Ak-Adjakoou. As we waded down towards the little *kibitka* and the Palestinian water troughs, I beheld a tree of extraordinary freshness and greenness. In the middle of the pool of muddy water near the trough there grew a globular mulberry tree in full leaf—luscious, cool, green!

We drank again, filled our kegs, and pushed on toward the last well, Geokcha. By following "beacons" of dead branches, camel bones, and in one place a human skull arranged by the natives "in code," we arrived at noon. Geokcha passes description. Its saucer of denuded yellow sand must have reached a mile from rim to rim. At its center are five wells, three of which are drifted full of sand. Several hundred camels laden with faggots spotted the flat sand like coffee sacks on a levee. Low overhead circled thirst-crazed eagles and hawks, who had made the fatal error of stopping during a transcontinental flight to the Caspian Sea.

After chasing a rabble of half-wild dogs out of an untenanted *kibitka*, we spread out our tarpaulins, set a pail of water between us and began to battle with the heat until we should be relieved by the setting of the sun. A thatch shaded us overhead; the walls of the *kibitka* allowed the wind to pour over us as we rose by turns and soused each other with water from head to foot. The wind leaped through the crude supports of our shelter like flames and dried our clothes stiff as fast as we could wet them. The thermometer read 123° in the shade. I tried to distract myself by sitting at the door of the hut with the shotgun and shortening the agony of the eagles and hawks as they volplaned wearily overhead.

The Cossack boiled some desiccated vegetables, stirred in a few whole wild pigeons which I had shot, and set forth the banquet with aluminum mugs full of warm curdled sheep's milk. The sight of the stuff nauseated me. I fasted.

That night we pitched camp on a high *bugor* just without the amphitheater of Geokcha, where we might feel the night breezes and look out upon the unexplored ocean of Kara-Kum. The professor was very ill, and though I myself was so weak I could scarcely stand, I tried to help him to bed. Whereupon I spread my blanket beside Rajab. We drank his tea and talked of The Tomb of the Caravans.

Rajab was a true child of the desert. He wore a crownless skin cap, a ragged *khalat*, torn white linen breeches which showed his well-muscled, brown thighs, and stout sheepskin moccasins looped to his ankles by bindings of white rags. He never washed, never smoked or drank, never asked for anything, never refused anything, never ate anything but tea and sunbaked crusts, never prayed, never stole, never thanked. He hissed the great, awkward beasts to kneel, roped on their burdens with cunning skill, "chugged" them to their feet, led them over uncounted miles of burning, flying

(Continued on page 50)



NUREMBERG, the toy industry of which will be sadly shattered by the war, has been often called the gingerbread town of Europe, so quaint and diminutive are its houses and shops. But, like its equally attractive Swiss cousin, Berne, it is also noted for its many curious fountains, of which the little Gooseman's Fountain here illustrated is one of the most popular. This fountain, which stands near the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, is made of cast iron. Its history is obscure, but like most of the monuments of this character, it probably represents some local legend or bit of history which the sculptor has chosen to commemorate.

G. C. H.



FETE days in Brittany are given over to sports of various kinds—races, wrestling matches, smoking contests and quaint dances. The accompanying photograph shows a row of old Bretons each trying to outdo the other and finish his pipe first. All strike their matches at a given signal, and this, the lighting, is the most difficult part, for matches

will break, their heads fly off, and some unfortunates have to try several times before effecting a light; the others meantime are puffing vigorously, leaving them hopelessly behind. It is a jovial contest and vastly amusing.

F. E. K.



IN the new residence district of San Francisco is the largest sun dial in the world, the dial and the dial park measuring 150 feet in diameter. The dial proper is thirty-four feet in diameter, the gnomon of white marble rising to a height of twenty-eight feet. The child standing at its base will give an idea of its size. The shadow cast is of such size that the time of day can be read a block away with the unaided eye. Formerly the largest sun dial was at Leipzig, Germany, measuring ten feet less in diameter than this one at San Francisco.

L. G. W.



THE province of Catalonia, in northern Spain, is the home of one of the oldest known races in Western Europe, the Iberians or Ivernians, who are also known to have inhabited Britain prior to the Celts. In temperament, language and industry the Catalonians differ radically from the more passive southern Spaniards. Their history is a stirring one of war and revolt. The monument here shown is an expression of the desire of the Catalonian to preserve his distinctive personality. It was erected in Barcelona in memory of Dr. Robert, who was one of the great political leaders of Catalonia.

A. T. V.

THE natural conservatism of the English people finds no clearer expression than in the retention of ancient practices and customs in the present day. Since the Ninth Century it has been a custom in Ripon, England, to blow a horn at nine o'clock in the evening. If any shop or any house was robbed after the horn was blown until sunrise, the loss was paid by the inhabitants. For this insurance every householder paid fourpence a year, and if there was a back door—which doubled the danger—eightpence. The tax has been abolished, but the horn is still blown every evening at the Market-Cross and the Mayor's house.

M. M. F.



What the Traveler's Camera Saw



Photo by E. A. Austin
Municipal mail wagon in Copenhagen, Denmark



Photo by C. S. Cooper
A Mohammedan wedding orchestra at Hyderabad, India



Photo from Sada Cowan
Natives riding the surf-boards at Honolulu



(C) Underwood & Underwood
The dejection of the Prince of Wales when his regiment left for the front without him. He has now been attached to General French's staff



Photo by Wilmot Smith
Cattle in Uganda, Africa, with their attendant cow-birds which protect them from pests



Photo from Frank Teskey
The bronze figure of a maiden seated on the rocks on the Langelinie, Copenhagen's waterfront promenade

THE RAMBLER

WHEN Joseph Pennell named one of his remarkable etchings of the skyline of New York at sunset, he chose a phrase that is disposed to linger in the mind long after the picture has faded into vagueness; he called it "The Unbelievable City." So it is. And so are most cities unbelievable at that hour when the victorious field-marshal, Day, retiring for the night, sweeps his rainbowed searchlight across the jagged ridges of roofs and spires, across the bastioned escarpments of mighty buildings, and down into the burrowed entrenchment streets where wearied hosts trudge back to bivouac homes. Surely, if one would behold the spirit of a city, he must behold it at dusk—see it from some distant eminence whence the battlefield can be viewed in panorama, whence the pettiness of daily struggle is lost in the glamor of valiant, unbelievable glory.

The Rambler has always held that not in a city's streets lie the secrets of cities, but in the skyline. No less observer than Arnold Bennett opened the eyes of New Yorkers to a truth when he called that metropolis a city of cornices. And the traveler who would differentiate between cities might find it helpful to take the skyline as a standard for comparison. Roofs and rooflines tell what no number of city streets can show. They are an indisputable index to the city's sociological status, a striking expression of the city's consciousness. How often have you been repelled by a city's mean streets, by its ugly buildings, officious servants, wretched fare? With rancor in your heart you hastened to the train, glad to shake the dust of the town off your feet. Had you climbed above that city—gone into the hills behind it, ascended one of its campanili or tall buildings, and thus gotten a perspective of it, the spirit of that place would have been revealed to you. You would have found that above and beyond the squalor and meanness, the discomfort and poverty, above all its glaring inconsistencies, rose the vision of its immeasurable ideals.



Peoples express themselves in their roofs, express their habits and their attitude toward one another and toward the big outside world of Nature, expressions that divide roofs into three kinds—those that were made to be comfortable on, those that through ignorance or apathy lack all pretense at the artistic, and those that are artistic for the mere sake of being so.

When you find a city whose people are intent on expansion, where material prosperity and money loom big on the horizon, there would seem to be a marked apathy toward things that are artistic for the mere sake of being so—this including artistic roofs. Thus are many cities of our own West and of Colonial lands—Canada, British South Africa and Australia. Once the stage of apathy is past, interest in matters artistic becomes quickened. And so in some American cities there is a distinct striving for the artistic roof—save that here the artistic is coupled with the desire for efficiency. We Americans are building roofs to be used, to be comfortable on. We stand at the end of the scale where lack of space on the ground drives us to make space on the roof. And although but few American city skylines can be said to be picturesque as yet, they are gradually approaching that in their roof gardens and roof schools.

At the other end are those roofs made to be comfortable on because Nature is kindly and permits them to serve that purpose. In lands where rain is scarce the roof is the gathering place of the family, as along the south Mediterranean coast and in the desert lands of our own Southwest.

Thus it is no moot point that Nature is the deciding factor in the shapes and uses of roofs. Travel from the south of Italy to the north, and you will go from a district where a minimum rainfall and the total absence of snow allows of flat roofs, to a land where those elements have made necessary the sloping roof. And this obtains in every country: Nature controls the skyline, fashions it after a manner that suits her own local whim.

The roof artistic is the product of age, of a civilization that has arrived at the period when the energetic seeking for life and fostering it has become slowed down into an enjoyment of it. New lands of necessity are energetic; the old, artistic by choice. Each writes its symbol in the skyline, a mark set against the heavens. The Greek and Roman skylines, gradually being uncovered by excavators, showed

a peculiar tendency toward the earth, toward flatness; whereas the spire, some say, came later as the innate symbol of aspiring Christianity, although the Mohammedan East with its bulbous towers and minarets rather contradicts that theory. The Rambler is disposed to believe that the process followed was just as he has written it: first Nature's fashioning of skylines, then man's molding of them according to his opinions of what is artistic or what efficient—the former a product of a past civilization, the latter of the new. The average Continental city skyline is pointed; the average American, flat. Some architectural forms carry their own symbolism distinct, as does the heavenly aspiring of the Gothic, the frivolousness of the French Renaissance, the straight cornice of the Italian which has never been equaled in elegance of proportion or decoration. But one roof does not make a skyline, and each city must be judged by its collective roofs. In them each city wears, as on its brow, the mark of its personality.



After being puzzled again and again by cities, The Rambler finally hit upon the scheme of differentiating between those that were feminine and those masculine. There is a haughtiness, as of a proud and puritanic woman, about Edinburgh, for example, looking forth upon the water; there is a patrician aloofness about Boston; and a gay and festive air about 'Frisco, albeit she has known great suffering. Venice is shy, Seville an innocent *ingenue*; Düsseldorf, Copenhagen and Amsterdam as domesticated housewives; Antwerp, Trieste, Stockholm and Yokohama, bustling business women. Petrograd and Paris are out-and-out feminine, although one is distinctly a city of the north, the latter thoroughly French, the former nothing more than a French city in Russian clothes.

The new American cities, on the other hand, are distinctly masculine, as are also the majority in Colonial lands. We have our skyscrapers—marvels to the foreigner, but to us symbolism of the American people. To The Rambler, the titanic ideal he perceives in them is the presage of a newer civilization to come. While the Old World is struggling in the final throes of a civilization bent on preserving the ideals of old faiths and wornout traditions, we are writing in our skyline a new precedent and setting up a new ideal.

When one comes to judge city skylines by nations he finds himself forthwith faced with the salient fact that as a nation believes so it builds. The Briton who rails against the tall buildings of America points to his London. And there is London, low-lying, contented, serene. During the past few months this national contentment has had a rude awakening. The German will point to his cities of efficiency and thoroughness, begs you to see their clean chimneys and their shimmering housetops. And during the past few months that thoroughness has also been manifest. Rome has its glory of a past mingling with a growing present; Constantinople is all a reflection of the past, it is to-day what it has always been; whilst between the innumerable church towers of Moscow rise factory roofs, the symbol of a new hope held out to the Russian *moujik*. If ever new hope can be read in skylines, surely it is to be seen in American cities.



It has been said of Americans that they are the most religious people on the face of the earth. We profess to stand for a seven-days-a-week faith, a religion of business. We are seriously interested in vice crusades, in movements for better foods, for stronger children and sturdier men. We battle against Tammany with all the lustiness that St. George lunged at the proverbial Dragon. We are a race of reformers. When we enter a new land we set about cleaning the streets and wiping out disease. We stand for a people governed, not ruled. And these ideals are written indelibly on our skylines, in the efficiency of our roofs.

Compare the aspiration of the needled spires of an older generation to the strong, masterful hulks of buildings that reach up above our American cities. Temples they are of the new order, even as the spires were of the old. "Hands pointing to Heaven," the olden spires were characterized. Can it not be said of our skyscrapers that they are mighty arms held up, like those of Moses on the mountain!

PROGRESS IN TRANSPORTATION

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



The Man Who Brought a New Railroad to Spokane

STRAHORN is his name, and his title is, or used to be, vice-president of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company. But Spokane prefers to know him as the man who brought it a brand new railroad—on a silver platter, if you please. And when the other day not only that new railroad, but still another important system—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, if you wish to be explicit—began running its trains into Spokane, it was Robert E. Strahorn who struck the final ringing blows with the heavy sledgehammer that united two ends of tracks and gave two railroads a splendid pathway through the heart of the town.

Of course you know Spokane, or know of it. Perhaps you can pronounce its name correctly, which is no ordinary feat. Certainly you must know of its marvelous growth—open lots and real estate agents yesterday and to-day real estate agents still, but a well-built, metropolitan city of some 150,000 persons; the commercial capital of northern Idaho and eastern Washington, a rich land still in its development, which Spokane likes to call "the inland Empire." It was while Spokane was still worrying about those open lots and dreaming of the fourteen-story structures that should arise from them that Strahorn stepped off a west-bound limited and slipped over to the best hotel. There was no brass band, not even the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, to greet him. He even succeeded in dodging the real estate agents—for a little time, at least.

That was ten years ago, but even then Spokane was far enough out of its swaddling clothes so that Strahorn could hire a modest office in an inconspicuous building and letter its door with the name "North Coast Railroad"—a supposed transportation concern in which he was president, general attorney and confidential secretary to the president and to the general attorney. The rest of the real office force was the stenographer, and she served as general officers and directors of the

company. Spokane might have laughed at the "North Coast Road" and its modest equipment, save for the fact that Spokane is in a part of the land where they build railroads every week—on paper—and tear them up the following week.

It is well that Spokane did not laugh. For one day it woke up. Robert E. Strahorn—the North Coast Road, whatever that might mean—had taken title to 114 pieces of the most valuable property in the business heart of the place. The town went wild and the real estate agents organized a cordon to surround the railroad station and let no more good things of that sort get past them. Spokane was really wild. Newspaper men, detectives, rival railroads—everybody—

took a hand in trying to find out who was behind the man who was dubbed the "Sphinx." Strahorn talked to everyone who called upon him, but volunteered no information. His officers and directors were equally as communicative. But she surely did have a sweet smile. So did the Sphinx!

The newspaper men began vain imaginings about the "North Coast." They wove romantic stories about the coming of Strahorn. And not one of their imaginings was half as strange as the real story of the man who had slipped unseen into a growing western town and then had suddenly awakened to find himself its hero. The fiction of Get Rich Quick Wallingford had nothing on the truth about Robert E. Strahorn.

A year or two before Spokane had its big shock, Strahorn had found his way into the Wall Street office of the late E. H. Harriman. It was surprising

how quickly a man with initiative and real ideas could reach the Napoleon of the railroads. Strahorn had a real idea that was worth while to the Harriman system. He had conceived the idea of a steam railroad running west from Spokane to Puget Sound, southwest to Portland, and also making a far shorter route for Spokane traffic bound east over the Oregon-Washington Railway & Navigation



BRINGING A NEW RAILROAD TO SPOKANE

Robert E. Strahorn driving the silver spike which completed the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul to Spokane



Company—rapidly coming to be one of the most important of the so-called Harriman lines. Strahorn is a born railroader. Moreover, having once worked for the Union Pacific, he was familiar with the complicated strategic railroad situation upon the Pacific coast.

Harriman did not hesitate. He rarely did. He gave a passing thought to Spokane, already started upon its marvelous growth, and then a thought to his sturdy rival, James J. Hill. Spokane was a "Hill town." The Hill railroads held a practical control of its traffic. Hill was constantly thrusting at Harriman, the day might come when the Northern Pacific or the Great Northern might decide to thrust an arm down into California, perhaps into San Francisco itself.

Harriman did not hesitate. He gave Strahorn the mystic sign that meant that he would back him; that meant that the Harriman millions, the millions that stood back of them, the political power, the knowledge of railroad strategy that he possessed, would stand at his shoulder. After which it was Strahorn's job to go up into the Northwest, quietly plan his railroad in detail and gain for it an entrance into its most important city, before the real estate men began to put corporation prices on the corner lots.

While Strahorn was recording the deeds on his wholesale purchases, the advance agents of the Milwaukee system, just then beginning to poke its long transcontinental arm up toward Tacoma and Seattle, arrived on the ground to see if they could not include Spokane upon their system. It had already been decided that the first through main line of the Milwaukee's new line would pass some forty miles to the south of Spokane. But Strahorn began convincing the management of the roads of the famous pumpkin-colored trains that it could well afford to run those same trains right through the heart of Spokane. He urged a union station for the use of both roads. Each had acquired land for stub-end terminals, and these stub-ends were but two city blocks apart. But those two city blocks were the business heart of Spokane. One was filled with substantial business structures, while upon the other stood the City Hall. Moreover, to perfect the entire scheme it was necessary to condemn a few blocks further west, a twelve-acre tract owned by no

less a person than James J. Hill himself. The problem of that thing alone would have overwhelmed a less resourceful man than Strahorn.

But even after that initial purchase of 114 lots, Strahorn—the "North Coast Road," if you please—was still able to conceal the identity of the people and the interests behind him. He paid for the property with checks on his personal bank accounts in New York and in Spokane, and it proved impossible for investigators to ascertain whence those accounts were replenished. In the condemnation suits, which became necessary for the acquisition of the land, Strahorn, his attorneys, his chief clerk and his stenographer were mer-



A NEW ELECTRIC BUS FOR NEW YORK

It is planned to operate these busses in New York at a five-cent fare and with women conductors after the Continental fashion



THE NEW UNION STATION AT SPOKANE

This terminal, which owes its construction to the energy of Robert E. Strahorn, will be used jointly by the two railroads which he has brought to Spokane

cilessly grilled on the witness stand to make them divulge the secret of the source of their funds. They all solemnly agreed with every theory as to where the money was coming from, and it gave them just as much pleasure to adopt the suggestion that the Northern Pacific was supplying it as it did to agree with one that the funds came from the Illinois Central. In the panicky times of 1907-8 the favorite guise assumed by detectives was to appear at the Strahorn headquarters as bond dealers and to offer unlimited financial aid to the new road—provided that they could be informed of all its inside workings, including the name of its workers.

It was not until 1910—when Strahorn had purchased every last foot of ground necessary to his enterprise—that he came out into the open and the plan was known as the entrance of the Oregon-Washington system to Spokane; a joint plan which also provided for the coming of the Milwaukee to that city. Actual construction was then begun, not only upon the six-mile pathway for the two railroads through the heart of the city, the extension of the O-W and the forty-mile line by which the Milwaukee would reach Spokane from its first main line at the south, but upon a joint passenger terminal on the site of the City Hall, just being replaced by a larger one; a station that would be well worthy of a city of half a million persons. A half-million population seems to be a modest hope in the mind of the average citizen of Spokane.

Before that construction was done some \$22,000,000 had been expended. Remember that the plan originally conceived by Strahorn contemplated a "stub-end" station for



TRACK INSPECTION ON THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

The arrangement of the seats in this observation car allows the inspecting party a clear view of the track ahead

the Harriman lines alone—a structure to be built opposite the old City Hall and reached by a subway or open-cut line from the west. The inclusion of the Milwaukee in the terminal had made radical changes necessary in the plans. The terminal was turned from a “stub-end” into a “through” line; from a subway into a viaduct without a grade crossing for its entire six miles across Spokane. Not the least part of the problem was the construction of a heavy bridge which not only rises 225 feet above the waters of the turbulent Spokane River, but simultaneously crosses one of the busy highways of the city.

The heavy expenditure includes the sum spent in building the Spokane terminal, includes not only the revision of the Oregon-Washington road's direct line from Spokane to Portland in such a way as to shorten the route between the two cities some fifty-four miles, but also the construction of the Milwaukee's branch from Plummer Junction on the main line, forty-one miles distant. In fact, the recent decision of the Milwaukee to route its two famous pumpkin-colored trains—the *Olympian* and the *Columbian*—through Spokane, makes this branch a portion of the main passenger line. From Spokane back again to Marengo on the road's first line—which is still maintained for through and local passenger traffic—these trains will use the rails of the Oregon-Washington system. And a brand new light train—already in service and known as the *Cascadian*—has been introduced to perform daily service between Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma. The Oregon-Washington is making similar arrangements for

through passenger service between Spokane and Portland. The new terminal, not yet six months in use, has already begun to come into its own.

Memphis Also Gains a New Station

Spokane is not the only town to boast the opening of a new fine railroad station in the troublous days at the end of 1914. For instance, there is Kansas City—whose very wonderful new station will be fully described in the next issue of *TRAVEL*—and there is the quaint old city of Memphis, Tenn., which long has held the distinction of being the largest city in Mississippi. Of course Memphis has ceased to be so much of a quaint old city. On the contrary, with its three modern hotels and the impressive Union Station which the Gould lines, the Southern Railway and the Louisville & Nashville built five or six years ago, it bears a distinct resemblance to one of those smart growing towns of the Far West which forever boast of their metropolitanism.

The new station—called the Grand Central Station, so as to distinguish it from the slightly older Union Station—stands but two city blocks—you call them “squares” when you are south of the Ohio River—from that other passenger gateway. It is not less impressive. It cost more than two million dollars to build and equip, a cost which



THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, MEMPHIS

This station, with its imposing façade and ample space, has eliminated the unsightly features which usually accompany railroad terminals



A FIFTH AVENUE GASOLINE STAGE

This type of bus, with its seats on the roof, from the first attained great popularity with New Yorkers

has been shared by its tenant railroads—the Illinois Central, the Frisco, the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley and the Rock Island systems.

The building is of the Roman Doric type, the main motif consisting of a colonnade of Bedford stone, running three stories from the sidewalk to the first cornice line, above which an office portion, of brick and terra cotta trimming, continues up for an additional five stories. The interior finish and decoration of the station is effectively pleasing with its mosaic tile floors, gray Tennessee marble wainscoting and ornamented plaster side walls and ceilings.

Leading off the main entrance of the station is a spacious lobby, with ticket offices, baggage-checking counters, parcel rooms, restaurants and lunch counters, and access to and from a carriage way and cab stand. Leading from a middle concourse, a half flight above, are general waiting rooms, the concourse being a well lighted and ventilated area for passengers going to and from trains, the entrance and exit gates to the track platform, another half flight above, being at its lower end. On this middle concourse are also shops, public telegraph and telephone offices, news stand and entrance to barber



shop; and connecting with it, a half flight above, are the main waiting rooms, where patrons can wait for trains in quiet without being disturbed by the bustle of the concourse. Connecting with these waiting rooms are rest rooms for women and a smoking room for men.

Five stub tracks and five through tracks, seven platforms of width sufficient for the longest train, two of the latter being exclusively for trucking baggage, mail and express, the remaining five passenger platforms being covered with umbrella sheds, also baggage elevators, a baggage tunnel and a passageway twenty-five feet wide under the through tracks, are additional main features of the station.

Eating on the Train Long Ago

AN old-time menu-card of the Pullman service has just come to this desk. It is a small and simple affair, although elaborate in the printing standards of 1869, the date which it bears. This menu was used in the six "Pullman's Palace Hotel Cars," which were in daily service between Rochester and Chicago over the New York Central, Great Western and Michigan Central railroads. These six cars—the *Viceroy*, the *President*, the *City of New York*, the *City of Boston*, the *Plymouth Rock* and the *Western World*—ran by way of the Suspension Bridge over the Niagara River, across Upper Canada and into the United States again by means of the ancient car-ferry at Detroit, which was only recently abandoned.

From the seaboard one might catch them by leaving Boston at 3 o'clock in the afternoon or New York at 6.30 o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day, and then traveling all night in a day-coach. After those early day-coaches, with their low-backed seats and miserable ventilating and lighting facilities, one of "Pullman's Palace Hotel Cars" must have seemed luxury indeed. To have privacy, a comfortable seat by day and darkened berth at night in a car that boasted a complete kitchen as well—that was luxury indeed.

The hotel car left Rochester promptly at 9.20 o'clock each morning. By noon it was crossing the Niagara River, and through the afternoon it was passing through the gardens of Canada. It left Detroit at 9.30 o'clock each evening, rolled across Michigan through the night, and was due at Chicago at 9 o'clock in the morning—a journey which to-day is performed in about half the running time. Returning, the car left Chicago at 5.15 P. M. and was due at Rochester some time in the late afternoon.

A glance at the price-list portion of the menu-card shows no great variation from the cost of eating on a Pullman broiler car to-day. Half a spring chicken broiler cost 75 cents, although a whole chicken cost but a dollar. Beefsteak or mutton chops, with potatoes included, however, sold at 75 cents, while at 50 cents one might purchase either breakfast bacon or ham. Eggs, boiled, fried, scrambled, poached or in the form of a plain omelet were served at 40 cents a portion. Fancy omelets, with ham or with rum, cost 10 cents more. Oysters were a good deal of a luxury inland, but they were in the iceboxes

of the hotel-car. You could have them "raw"—there is no mention of a half-shell—at 50 cents, stewed or fried at 60 cents, while a fancy roast cost 75 cents. But for 75 cents you could have a venison steak, and to-day one might go far and wide in railroad restaurants before he found such a toothsome delicacy, no matter at what price.

In vegetables the hotel-car represented a greater price difference than elsewhere. Instead of Oyster Bay asparagus at 50 cents a portion, or celery at 40 cents, green peas at 25 cents, the addition of a dime to your check brought you an assortment of these; and inasmuch as there was no cold storage in 1869 or for a good many years thereafter, they must have been fresh vegetables. French coffee or tea—nationality not noted—cost 15 cents a portion, with other orders, 25 cents if ordered alone. And in passing it may be noted that those two staunch bulwarks of the Pullman buffet car to-day—roast beef à la jardinière and chicken à Marengo—are conspicuous by their absence. They had not even been devised—in 1869.



ROUNDING-UP STRANDED AMERICAN BAGGAGE

Two thousand trunks belonging to American travelers were assembled in Hamburg, Germany, by Wells Fargo & Co Express, which sent over a special expedition for the purpose

The Rise of the Motor-Bus

THE motor-bus is not a new institution in the United States. Yet the wonder is that it has made such slow progress here. In London and Paris, in many other of the great cities of Europe, it came into its own long ago; a fact that was early apparent in the war, when long trails of these vehicles were used for the transportation of whole regiments of infantry over the smooth roads of France and Germany. Yet in the United States, which has given

the warmest encouragement both to the social and the commercial use of the automobile, the motor-bus has received scant welcome, save in New York, where the excellent service of the motor-driven stages in Fifth Avenue long since ceased to be a novelty. Philadelphia tried the experiment at one time and upon an elaborate scale. For reasons never fully explained, but supposed to be largely political, it was abandoned. Recently the motor-bus has come into a wave of popularity in Los Angeles. Yet other cities have not even experimented, save in isolated cases. Watertown, N. Y., is one of these where a regular motor-bus service has been maintained for four years, summer and winter, through residence streets where trolley tracks had long since been refused an entrance. And in Washington the motor-bus is coming into increased use.

New York, bent upon cosmopolitanism, has long since decided that she wants more motor-busses. The success of the Fifth Avenue service has made her hungry for a fuller service. The company that maintains the present line not only upon that *via sacra* of the chief city of the two Americas, but upon several important thoroughfares that are tributary to it, is anxious to radically extend its system. In addition, several other companies are seeking similar franchises in the streets of New York, among them a corporation which promises both a five-cent fare and woman conductors, after the war-time fashion in Paris and Berlin. This last company had two busses of the type it proposes to use in case it gains a franchise in service

(Continued on page 57)



INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL CLUB



Executive Offices, 31 East 17th Street, New York City

The "See America First" Idea

THE "See America Now" idea is certainly uppermost this winter. With so many foreign channels of communication closed, it would be strange if travel in our own land did not attain the popularity it has long deserved. America is for those who seek her—a traveler's paradise. No other civilized land offers so many and varied attractions. We have nearly every climate, our shores are bounded by the two great oceans, and the scenery includes every charm which variety can afford. Excellent hotels, large and small, may be found everywhere. Train service is uniformly good, and the great need of comfortable journeying, good highways and country roads, is rapidly being realized. Added to this the fact that in the West two great expositions are to be open simultaneously, and we have a combination of circumstances conducive to American travel which will probably never be repeated.



The San Diego Exposition Opens Its Doors

With the first day of the new year the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego has become an accomplished fact. This exposition will remain open the entire year, thus breaking records as a continuous performance. The equable climate all the year around makes a twelve-month exposition the proper thing down in southern California. There the sun shines on an average of 356 days in the year. The average summer temperature is 68, the average winter temperature 60, leaving a variation of only 8 degrees. There is little rainfall on the coast, and in beautiful Balboa Park, the site of the exposition, it will be as near perpetual summer as one would be able to find.

San Diego has twenty-three hotels and a multitude of smaller hostels, suiting every purse. The rates as a whole will be moderate. The exposition covers 615 acres of ground and there are fifteen main buildings. The group resembles more a Spanish city than a typical great fair. It is widely dissimilar both in appearance and plan to the San Francisco Exposition, which will not be open until February 20, and every visitor to the West would do well to take in both celebrations.



Did You Receive Your Exposition Bulletin?

The Club has recently issued to members a Bulletin devoted to the two California Expositions. If you did not receive your copy please let us know and we will send one to you. If you know of friends who are interested, we would be very glad to send them a copy also. We plan to issue another Bulletin very soon, continuing the same subject, but devoted more to side trips in California, as every visitor to the great State will find a tremendous amount of interest outside of the fairs. In this connection, did you read the article by Charles Francis Saunders in last month's TRAVEL? It is entitled "California Outside the Expositions," and if you have not read it, it would be well worth your looking up. Mr. Saunders is on the Club's Advisory Board, and speaks with authority, as he has lived for some years in California.

Other Points in the West

When one goes West the chief difficulty is in seeing as many of the big features of that great stretch of country as possible. As it is next to impossible to visit every spot one wants to see, a little careful planning ahead and reading up on the subject is desirable. For instance, one can plan to go by the southern route and come back by the northern, thus taking in the mountains of Colorado, the Grand Cañon in Arizona, the Salton Sea, and the southwestern desert, Los Angeles and Southern California, Santa Catalina Island, the Yosemite Valley, Lake Tahoe, Yellowstone National Park, Glacier National Park, Salt Lake City, and many smaller places of interest. The Club Library and Service Bureau are at your disposal when planning your trip. We will be glad to help you with suggestions as to how to see the most in a limited time. But if you write, please do not wait until the last minute.



Winter Trips in the East

New York is the starting point for many pleasant trips in the winter, no less than in the summer. There is the pleasant over-night trip by boat to Virginia; a two-days' trip to Charleston and a little further to Savannah; there are Bermuda and the West Indies—all by comfortable boats and under skies which constantly grow balmier. One can go by boat or rail to Florida, which is at its best in January and February. Indications point to an unusually large volume of tourists to Florida during this season. The head of one of the Florida railroads said recently: "We propose to increase our train service this year very materially. There are 150,000 to 200,000 Americans who are in the habit of spending the winter in Europe. This year they must go somewhere else, and we figure that a great many of them will come to Florida or to Cuba."

An increasing number of persons delight in winter sports, and do not depend upon summer skies for their outings. For these hardy souls there are pleasant jaunts in the East to such places as Lake George, Saranac Lake and the Adirondack Mountains. Comfortable hotels keep open, and a trip through the snow-clad forests to points such as these is a revelation. For those who prefer the wilder regions of the north, Big Moose, Fulton Chain and Long Lake offer many attractions.

Going south along the Atlantic Coast, one finds Atlantic City hospitable even in winter time, and Old Point Comfort, further south, enjoying life to the full. Down in North Carolina there are golf, horseback riding and motoring at Pinehurst, and in the Land of the Sky around Asheville. In the Middle West several year-around resorts are found, such as the French Lick Springs in Indiana, Hot Springs in Arkansas, and Excelsior Springs in Missouri, where the curative waters vie with attractive hotel life to attract the comfort seeker. These points are set down at haphazard and merely serve to indicate the variety of journeys which await the vacationist in winter no less than in summer—and in America in better measure any and every year than abroad.



TRAVEL With ROD & GUN

A department of out
door recreation for
the traveler



(C) By Kiser Photo Co.

THE CLAY BIRDS FOR SPORT

HOW A TRAPSHOOTER WAS MADE—THE FASCINATION OF THE FLYING CLAY DISCS—A NEW GAME IN THE OLD SOUTH

WILLIAMS HAYNES

WE sat 'round a blazing pine knot fire in the smoking room, and every man in the group, except the Banker, had been hobby-horse riding.

The Collegian and his Father had started it by holding, as golfers are so very apt to do, a *post mortem* over their afternoon round. This led the Editor, who had slipped away from the impatient telephone and the hungry presses for a couple of weeks' winter vacation, to compare caustically golf and tennis to a tallow dip and an incandescent bulb. Casualties upon this old battlefield were tactfully prevented by the Manufacturer, who said that both these good sports paled into utter insignificance before the glorious sun of quail shooting.

"I wonder," put in the Banker, "if you gentlemen ever read a poem of Whitcomb Riley's called 'His Favorite Fruit'? It's a little dialect sketch in which some Hoosier farmers, gathered in a cross-roads grocery, discuss their favorite fruits. Each holds out for his own personal choice—the apple, the peach, the pear, the watermelon—and slanders unmercifully the taste of the last speaker. But all the time

the teller of the story 'chaws on an' sez nawthin'.' Finally one of the party asks him point blank, 'Jim, what's yourn fav'rite fruit?' He 'chaws on fer quite a spell an' then he sez, slow and solemn like, 'Terbaccar,' an' you oughter heard 'em roar."

"You," continued the Banker, when the laugh had subsided, "have all been slandering each other's favorite sport, but I have been 'chawin' on an' saying nawthin'," and I wonder who of you will laugh at me and my favorite sport as at the Hoosier farmer whose favorite fruit was tobacco."

"Personally," remarked the Editor, "I laugh at no sport except tiddle-de-winks."

"How about ping-pong?" asked the Collegian.

"Did you ever play it?"

"No, thank——"

"If you had you'd not laugh at it, either."

"I came down here to Pinehurst," continued the Banker, "to get some good trap-shooting."

"Huh!" came from the depths of the chair where the Manufac-



ON THE FIRING LINE

The remarkable growth of trapshooting in this country dates from the time when the helpless and harmless live pigeon was supplanted by the hurtling clay disc



turer, after a long day following his brace of pointers over the Sandhills, was luxuriating.

"I expected that from you, Charlie. You cannot for the life of you understand why a man should come down here into the very heart of the best quail shooting country in North Carolina to smash clay pigeons at the traps. A couple of years ago I felt just as you do now, and I'm not going to slander your favorite sport, for it was mine, too. I used to come down here quail shooting before you were out of school, but I can tell you that trap shooting is also good sport."

Before we broke up, an hour later, we had made an engagement to visit the traps the next morning to witness the Banker's promised conversion of the Manufacturer into a trap-shooter, and none of us will ever forget his great surprise when he found the little clay birds so "gamey" that he only broke nine out of his first twenty-five. It was a hard jolt to his pride, but he stuck out his jaw, tucked his gun under his cheek, and tackled another "string." He did better later, and he soon got into the habit of joining the party at the squatty little gun club house in the center of the big open field over against the great red barns of the dairy herd. At first he came sheepishly, but later with brazen effrontery. Finally he stayed over a week longer than he planned to enter in the Mid-Winter Handicap Tournament the last of January.

In no very strict historical sense can the adjective "new" be fairly applied to the sport of trap-shooting. The supplanting of live tame pigeons, thrown into the air, frightened and confused, from a collapsible wooden cage by the little clay disc hurled with lightning speed from a steel spring trap, is the basis of the development of our trap-shooting as we know it in America, and this took place years ago.

Smashing the clay birds to smithereens is not only more humane but also more sporty than slaughtering the live pigeons.

The "newness" of trap-shooting is the wonderful renaissance of the sport in the last few seasons. In four short years the number of active trap-shooters has increased fourfold; from about 100,000 in 1910 to over 425,000 in 1914. Trap-shooting clubs have also multiplied from about 1,000 to 4,000 in the same period, and it is estimated that this last year about 500,000,000 clay pigeons were thrown into the air at the shooter's sharp command "Pull!" In a Presidential term, trap-shooting has sprung forward from a low place among the so-called minor sports to occupy a position second only to baseball in the number of its devotees and active participants. Few of us can appreciate this without the aid of the cold figures.

The fact that each trap-shooter is an active participant is what gives the sport its strongest grip upon the interest of its followers and furnishes a mighty advantage over

those sports where thousands gather to watch a score of active players. There is a great world of difference between being a "rooter" and a "player." The tense moment of "two out and the bases filled"; the jerky, crashing advance of the battling human machine, carrying a pigskin ball down the field; the rush of the ponies and the hollow click of mallet against polo ball—all these tighten the muscles and quicken the heart-beat of any live spectator, but, as the psychologist says, these are all decidedly external stimuli.

Let the same man—or the same woman, for many of the ladies shoot at the traps nowadays—step up to the score, tuck his gun against his shoulder, brace himself and draw a deep breath, glance down the long, blued barrels, and call "Pull!" Whizz goes the little



A quick eye and steady wrist are essential qualities



There is a tense moment before the command "Pull!"



THE SCENE OF THE MIDWINTER HANDICAP

This tournament held annually at Pinehurst is typical of a sport which now numbers 425,000 devotees in this country, a fourfold increase since 1910



PICKING OFF THE CLAY BIRDS

The fact that each trapshooter is an active participant is what gives the sport its strongest grip upon its followers. It is the new sport in the Old South

black disc, hurtling away at a speed that makes the teal and the mallard seem a lazy laggard. A moment of intensely concentrated effort and keen excitement till the flying saucer is found just above the forward sight; an almost involuntary squeeze of the trigger finger, the thrilling jump of the discharge, and puff!—the clay target is knocked into a thousand bits.

The tremendously concentrated effort of finding the speeding clay bird in aim, followed by the physical climax of the almost simultaneous kick of the gun and shattering of the target—these are the secrets of the witching spell that trap-shooting weaves around its devotees. It is a sport so individual, so personal, and the birds, flying at unknown angles, furnish so never-ending a combination of problems, each new and each to be solved in a second's time, that this spell grows stronger and stronger. Once you mount the trap-shooting hobby-horse, you may just as well make up your mind to settle yourself in the saddle for a long, long gallop.

Over and above the inherent fascination in knocking the flying clay targets into powder, the fact that there is no closed season on these clay birds and that every city and most villages have trap-shooting clubs, while a hand trap and an open field will furnish "game" anywhere, go far towards making "the sport alluring," the sport universal. Nor do the changing seasons handicap the trap-shooter. Any and every month in the year he can follow his pastime. In fact, club shoots and big tournaments are scheduled for every month from January to December.

This month, although traps are being sprung all over the country, the trap-shooter's thoughts are turning naturally to Pinehurst. On January 19 the eighth annual Mid-Winter Handicap, with events for both the professional and the amateur, opens at

this famous winter play place. In the Sandhills of North Carolina, in the heart of "the Land of the Long-Leafed Pine," with January days almost exactly like the September days of New England, when there is just the crisp suggestion of frost, that makes one sniff the air and thank the Fates that he is alive; Pinehurst is the ideal spot in the Old South for this new sport.

It might almost seem that there were a delicate touch of sarcasm in the holding of the most important winter trap shoots almost within stone's throw of the grounds so well stocked with quail that they are chosen for the running of one of the largest eastern field trials, when the pick of blooded bird dogs are tried out for their field performance. But the quail shooter and the trap-shooter are brothers in arms. Often, like the Manufacturer converted at the Pinehurst traps last winter, they are sporting Siamese twins. The traps furnish good practice to the field shooter and good sport when the closed season would otherwise keep the gun in its case.

It is this aspect of the sport which has accounted for much of the growing interest in trapshooting. Old followers of the dogs or the decoys, taking a hand at trapshooting, as they apologetically say, "to keep their eyes in," have found themselves returning again and again to the traps for the mere fun of the thing. This is how trapshooters are made and seems to account for that fourfold increase in the past years.

Pinehurst is not the only center of the sport in America, although it certainly keeps the game alive during the winter months. In the north there are flourishing clubs at Travers Island, Crescent Athletic Club, at Larchmont and at Piping Rock. The colleges are becoming interested also and Yale and Princeton have an annual inter-college shoot. Trapshooting seems to be becoming a great national sport.



AT THE ROANOKE GUN CLUB

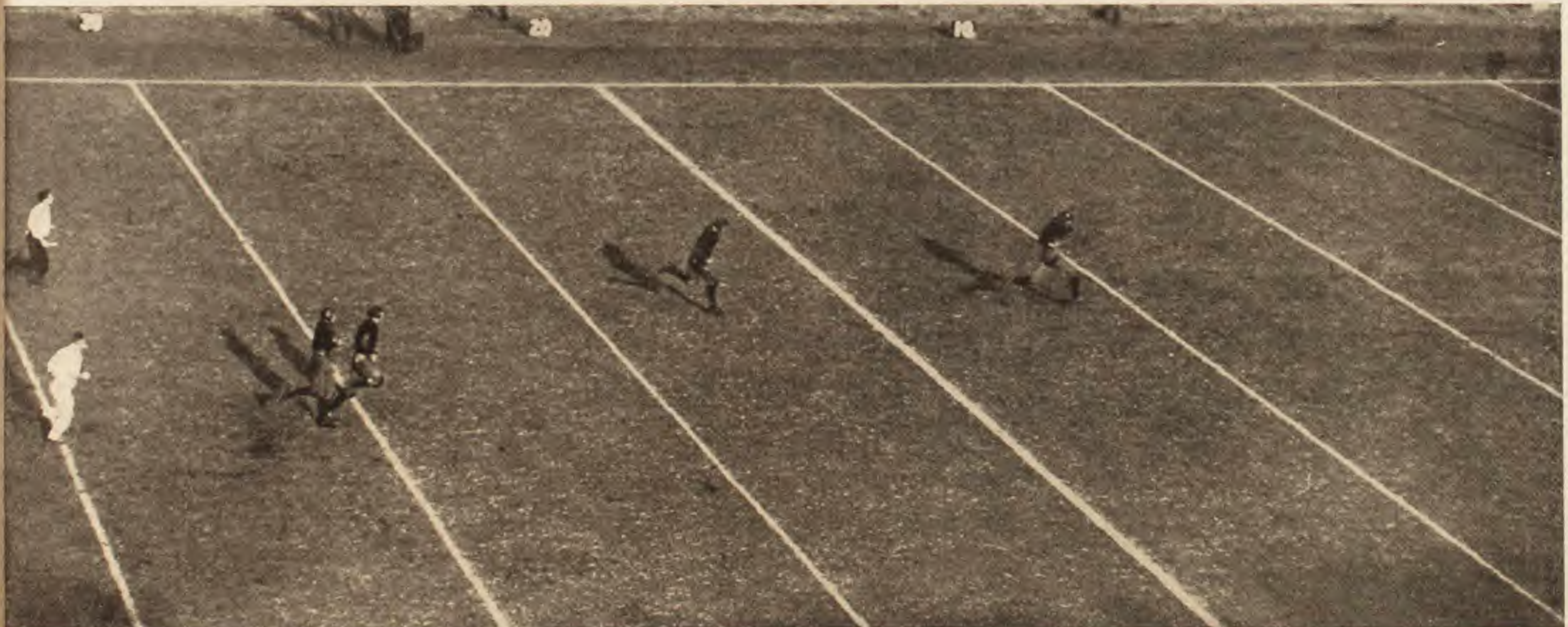
Trapshooting is one of the most personal of sports. Each shot presents new problems which must be instantly met



THE VAST CROWD IN THE NEW YALE BOWL

The 1914 Yale-Harvard football game attracted the largest crowd which has ever witnessed a sporting event in America. It is estimated that 70,000 persons attended this, the first game to be played in the new Yale stadium, and the gate receipts reached the huge total of \$137,000. Harvard won easily by the score of 36-0

THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME



COOLIDGE OF HARVARD MAKING HIS FAMOUS RUN

One of the most thrilling moments of the game occurred when Coolidge snatched a fumbled ball and, outfooting his pursuers, ran ninety-five yards to a touchdown. This is the longest single run ever made in the history of Yale-Harvard football

TIME was when to the city dweller the mere mention of a winter vacation in the wilderness brought an involuntary shudder to the spine and disagreeable visions of chilblains. Wasn't Old Boreas bad enough in any case? Why attempt to court his rigors and discomforts—far from the steam heat, the hot water, the storm windows and all the other appurtenances of our very modern urban civilization? I am not trying to belittle the city dweller; there is much to be said for his hibernating propensities, as anyone who is compelled to pass his winters in a city will allow. The trouble is that he has never had to pass them in the country. How different the attitude of the European! To him winter is one long season of outdoor enjoyment, and he flocks to the mountain resorts of Switzerland, which are bright with color and life then as at no other time of the year.

Fortunately, Americans have now begun to discern the possibilities of their own country in this direction, and to realize that not only are the natural conditions unequalled, but that a greater variety of winter sports and amusements are possible here than anywhere else. In-



Photo by I. L. Stedman

Playing ball on the ice with a soft ball is one of the popular games at Lake Placid

COURTING WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS

THE EXHILARATING SEASON OF WINTER SPORTS IN NORTHERN NEW YORK—OUTDOOR LIFE AT LAKE GEORGE, LAKE PLACID AND SOME OTHER ALL-YEAR RESORTS

ANDRÉ NORMAN

visit. One looks out over a rolling landscape of white, relieved here and there by a patch of green where some pines have cast off their snowy burden; or follows with the eye a crystal chain of rivers and lakes, their icy surfaces now swept clean by the wind adown the valleys; or sees the frail curling smoke from some hospitable house nestling in a grove on the mountain side; or hears the re-echoing shouts of a snowshoeing party tramping in the woods below, or the

deed, many of the most popular winter sports had their beginnings in America and are rank aliens to Europe, hockey and snowshoeing to wit.

Perhaps no other great winter resort in the world offers a wider range of attractions, combined with the highest degree of comfort, than the Adirondack region of New York State. Distant from the city of New York only six to ten hours by train, the locality possesses every charm of the primitive outdoors in lake and mountain, forest and field.

It is hard for the summer visitor to the Adirondacks to realize the magic charm of this vast winter woodland, its rare beauty and its resources for health and amusement, without the actual experience of a



A HALT FOR LUNCH

The winter trails through the magical white forests invite you to snowshoe tramping in the woods



A SOFT SEAT ON THE TRAIL

The brisk winter atmosphere is filled full with health and vigor which zero weather cannot dispel



sharp, incessant strokes of the logger's axe. The sun comes up huge and red in this happy country, casting a rosy sheen along the snow-carpeted spaces and touching the tree-tops with fire; and at dusk, long blue shadows creep out of the woods and lie athwart the fields, until the white moon comes up and, riding high in the heavens, turns the landscape into shimmering silver and black velvet.

But there is more than scenic interest in the Adirondacks. Over these snowbound hills and along these frozen rivers and lakes were waged some of the bravest and bitterest campaigns of the Revolutionary War. Fort William Henry on the shores of Lake George, Ticonderoga and Crown Point overlooking Champlain, are names to conjure with in the early history of the nation.

The winter season in the Adirondacks begins with the first fall of snow, which generally comes in early December, and ends with the first thaw and the breaking up of the ice in late March. The Christmas holidays find the winter life in full swing, and throughout January and February is the high season of gayety and amusement. The proximity of this section to the great cities of the East—New York, Boston and Philadelphia—makes it possible for the city dweller to come here for a few days' vacation over holidays or the week-ends.

And now a word about what one ought to wear on a winter outing—and in this connection let me dispel a few illusions or delusions about the weather. If you happen to live in sea-coast towns, like New York, for example, you need not be told how the damp and penetrating northeast winds of midwinter set your sciatic nerves jumping and bring you visions of a rheumatic old age. In the clear, dry air of the mountains, these nightmares are cheerily dispelled, and while the mercury flirts coyly with the zero mark, you romp about outdoors with an extraordinary sense of well-being.

As to clothing, you will not need an overcoat except in traveling to and from the place. If you are going to take your part in the outdoor sports an overcoat is a nuisance. The ideal costume is a heavy Norfolk suit with knickers, woolen stockings, and a flannel shirt. An angora or llama wool cap, jacket and muffler will keep out any stray chills. Heavy boots with hob-nails, such as are used for mountain climbing, will be

found a great convenience and will prevent many an otherwise nasty fall on the ice or the hillsides. Short skirts of some heavy material and high leather boots with angora jackets, mufflers and tam o' shanters have been found the most practical things for women. Style is perhaps sacrificed, but comfort and utility are requisites, and, to compensate, there is the brilliant red, green or yellow of the knitted jackets and scarfs.

There is such a variety of entertainment going on incessantly at these hospitable winter resorts of the Adirondacks that one can only try to touch on some of the various centers of winter sport and to describe briefly the features and character of the life at each. First, then, is the Lake George region, which is in many ways typical. Here there are two glorious toboggan slides which will whizz you in one long, swift rush down to the lake side and out upon the glassy surface for one-half mile. It is hard to write soberly about this thrill-

ing experience; it must be tried to be appreciated. At night the 1,500-foot slides present a beautiful and striking effect, as the coasters plunge down between two brilliant rows of colored lights.

Hockey games are going on without end on the splendid outdoor rinks, and if you enjoy the skill and endurance of this great Canadian game you will like to play it here under ideal conditions. The great rolling fields of snow and silent forest trails invite you to join a snowshoeing party for a day's tramp over the hills. Skating is, of course, ubiquitous, and if you are not afraid of a few initial spills, you can try a few leaps and runs on skis. This is not as easy as it sounds, but, once learned, it is a grand sport. One of the most popular amusements at Lake George is a "tailing" expedition. A

long string of toboggans are hitched to a horse-drawn sleigh and the party sets out on an adventurous and hilarious journey over the hill roads. As may be imagined, there are possibilities in the sport.

Journeying northward into the mountains we come to another center of winter activity—Lake Placid. Here we find the same spirit of gayety which characterized Lake George and much the same forms of games and amusements. Baseball on the ice, and, for the less vigorous, the old Scottish game of curling, are among its features. At Lake Placid, during the holiday season, are held a series of



Photo by I. L. Stedman

The glassy surface of the mountain lakes is ideal for the old game of curling



THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY

It will whizz you down its 1500 feet in one swift rush and out upon the lake for half a mile. One cannot write calmly about it; it must be experienced



picturesque Christmas, Twelfth Night and Candlemas ceremonies, and pageants after old English and Norse traditions and customs. Christmas morning the waits sing carols in costume; at twilight there is a pageant and in the evening a Christmas tree. On the last day of the year the march of the Druids in costume through the forest seeking the mistletoe and bringing it back in festal procession precedes the ceremony of ringing out the old year and ushering in the new. Combined with these are numerous gymkhanas for prizes, which add to the general mirth and merriment.



Photo by I. L. Stedman

At many of the resorts folk dances and gymkhanas add variety to the regular round of amusements



Photo by I. L. Stedman

Here in its natural outdoor surroundings is the home of hockey above all others

Lake Saranac offers a revelation to the winter vacationist. Here will be held this season the famous biennial midwinter carnival with the picturesque storming of the ice-palace. This is the only festival of its kind in America. Saranac is also noted for its interest in skating, and speed and fancy skaters gather here throughout the winter. Tupper Lake to the south, and Raquette Lake also keep open house during the winter season. At the latter there is particular interest in iceboating and racing. Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, offers further attractions of skating, snowshoeing and tobogganing for the winter vacationist.



AT THE TOP OF THE SLIDE

Racing with coasters on the toboggan slides is especially popular with the women



ICEBOATS ON MIRROR LAKE

Iceboat sailing is growing rapidly as a winter sport at all of the lake resorts

sonable sum. For the winter photographer there is no more likely spot than this winter landscape with its great possibilities of contrast and composition.

The winter colony finds no time for "porch-squatting" or gossip—those old standbys of the summer vacationist. You are here to get outdoors and stay there from the first toboggan slide after breakfast until the stars begin to blink and the dinner horn comes sounding over the hills. Grippe and influenza are strictly tabooed, and even a sneeze is a rarity.

It is an inspiring land of refreshing largeness and freedom, this Adirondack country. The brisk winter atmosphere is filled full with health and vigor; Nature assumes an added splendor in her dress of white; friendships grow apace and life takes on a new zest and charm. Then at night, gathered around the huge fireplace with its crackling logs, "when the hearth smiles to itself and kindles the room with mirth," Winter will reward you for your courting with the consciousness of perfect peace.



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INTO THE TOMB OF THE CARAVANS

(Continued from page 33)

led them over uncounted miles of burning, flying sand, made camp at evening, drank out of the same puddle with his camels, lit a fire, set his black, long-necked pot of hot water in among the ashes, made his bed on his own *khalat*, and, after drinking his tea, slept to sunrise without a move or a murmur. What for us was an undisguised torture was for him his daily and accustomed task. His zeal it would be difficult to equal. While in the virgin "forests" beyond Geokcha, we suggested one day that he turn over a few decayed logs and look for scorpions, and, while we napped, he uprooted trees in all directions with such thoroughness that he marred the topography of the land and we had to move camp to take our measurements and photographs! Simple, faithful, ever-smiling Rajab—big-souled Sart, prince of camel drivers!

That evening we exchanged teacups in token of friendship. Those two hours with him sitting on his *khalat*, sipping the unsweetened "explorers' tea from his miniature colored bowl, and looking over a section of the earth's crust which the eyes of man had never beheld before, stand out as the pleasantest memory of the entire sojourn in Turkestan. The nights in Kara-Kum are as cool and pleasant as the days are torrid and insupportable. We pulled off our footgear and plunged our aching feet deep into the soft, thrilling sand. I asked innumerable (and I suppose odd) questions of Rajab, and he asked me what the wages of camel drivers in St. Petersburg were and where they kept the devil that made the trains go! The sky hovered close overhead like the roof of a vault, and the inimitable clarity of the night air disclosed more myriads of stars than can be seen anywhere else in the world. Cool, nocturnal zephyrs bathed our bare limbs, medicined their ache and fanned us into a quiet, delicious drowsiness. All was silence save the plangent, slumbrous breathing of the desert, an obligato that harmonized well with consonantal Russian vocables intoned with Sart and American accents. After we had fallen silent, there drifted from the direction of the wells of Geokcha the plaintive, seductive notes of a Sart lad, who, squatting in the sand by the open door of his airy *kibitka*, his face bathed in moonlight, blew into his simple reed all the loneliness and poetry of this exile wilderness of sand and silence.

From Geokcha we made two dashes on successive days into the unknown, uninhabitable sands, returning at nightfall for water. Our "farthest south," reached on the second day, provided an appalling spectacle. The Sahara Desert, Professor Kurakin assured me, has nothing to compare with its awful desolation. I was not able to make any notes on these forced journeys; recollections are



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like the impressions of some delirious dream. This region before the ice period formed the bottom of a vast sea reaching from the Baltic to the mountains of Northern India, the Caspian and Aral seas being its only vestiges. The sand formations were for the most part what is known as *bugristic*, being sand hills of no definite form anchored to the earth by straggling vegetation. This latter was mainly the black and white *saksaul* (*Holoxylon Ammodendron*), unique to Turkestan. It looks like a tree, but botanically it is classed as a grass. It has no leaves and no trunk and takes forty years to attain to the height of a man. So porous and brittle are its branches that one can tear off even the largest of them with small effort. These branches wiggled like snakes out of the hot sand, died and lay like bleached bones strewn over the floor of a horrible inferno. The only other vegetation were sand acacias, *Salsola Richteri*, *Calligonum*, and the ubiquitous sand grasses which foddered the camels.

On the second day we again lost our camels and spent hours through the greatest heat of the day in our saddles without a drop of water or a moment's rest. There were no trails, no passing caravans, no camel carcasses, nothing to direct our movements but the blinding and indistinguishable sun. We were in desperate straits. We rallied our strength by making wagers as to who could keep his saddle longest without falling out. We were discussing the advisability of throwing away our instruments when the Cossack espied a solitary camel in the distance standing atop a *bugor*.

For two hours we had been wandering in circles by our compasses like hounds after a trail, and at first thought the animal was merely a figment of our dizzy brains. We staggered toward it, however, and were overjoyed to find that it possessed all the substantiality of one of our own long-suffering, odorous tandem of luggage bearers. Had our caravan been robbed and Rajab murdered? It was not impossible.

We rode on and soon discovered a white donkey in a *dolina* or ravine. I rubbed my gummy eyes and looked again. Yes, a real donkey! I was incredulous. We waded down into the *dolina* and, O brave sight! found a bivouac pitched, a little bower made of a bush and a tarpaulin, and Rajab snoring peacefully beneath it! And there, swinging from a branch in the hot wind, hung a large flask of water partially cooled by the evaporation of its water-soaked casing. The tepid, saline water from that flask meant life. We tossed off the flask and sat down to a bucket of hot water mixed with sour sheep curds and wine. I drank until I sank back helpless to the sand.

We worked with our heavy landscape and stereoscopic cameras that evening and began the weary return to Uch-Adji the same night.

At a late hour on the second day we stumbled into a nocturnal camp of Sart camel-drivers. One of the bronze-faced circle rose to receive us and hold our horses, while another led us to the great leather water-bottle at the edge of the encampment.



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O that slimy, smelly fount of cool, human comfort! One by one we squatted beside it and embraced it with our knees, which forced up the cool, sweet water from the leathern depths!

The last lap of our journey was made through the heat of one of the hottest days of the summer. We covered the eighteen versts under 164 degrees of sun in three hours. My pony, being the youngest and freshest, took the lead. I sat my padded saddle sidewise like a native, and dreamed. When going into the desert I had seen the Sart caravan leaders sitting across their donkeys, their limp legs swinging against the doddering beast's ribs, their chins on their chests, asleep and snoring! I could not understand how they did it. But my days of desert life had taught me many things; and now I sat across my saddle and dozed, though I did not sleep. I could not keep my eyes open: they craved darkness as those of a dungeoned prisoner's crave the light. All my past life was lost to my consciousness: I couldn't even remember how I had come to be where I was; I did not even realize that my adventure was about to end; I was no longer suffering from the weaknesses of hunger (though I had eaten nothing but a few mouthfuls of rice during the past several days). I was in a coma, speechless, victimized by but one hallucination—visions of cold water! I heard the thunder and saw the leaping waters of Niagara; I recalled the exquisite cold-drink I once had from a mountain stream in the Rockies; I heard the clink and splash of soda fountains; I smiled at sound of the sweet tinkle of cracked ice in tall, very tall, glasses; I discovered myself drowning in a crystal Canadian lake—with unspeakable delight! I had joined the company of the Ancient Mariner; and to this day I never see a glass of cold water without having my spirit quickened by the goodness and the comfort of life.

At last, towards evening, we came in sight of the high-stilted blue water-tank on its spider legs, the white-walled cabins and the gleaming steel rails curving over the tawny sands like a pair of silver threads, and our little caboose on its high wheels. We were home. We drank bottled lemonade with ice which Pavel had secured from a passing train. We repaired to the little *bania* and washed our sandpaper skins in sun-heated water.

Our adventures were over. We had the information the Tzar's ministers desired. Russia's military outposts were safe.

We coupled to the end of a freight train and started for the Arabian Nights country of Samarcand and Bokhara; and, as the little springless caboose thuttered and danced about on the rails, I dreamed of a homeland where labor is humanized, where the sun is considered a blessing, "where a man can quench a thirst."



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AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE POLISH WAR ZONE

(Continued from page 21)

through it all little Therese was perfectly happy and showed no sign of the worry that was making us all pale and hollow-eyed.

But that was the end of our suspense. The Austrians failed in their attack on the Russian line and fell back on lines of their own just inside the frontier. With this cessation of active hostilities, a messenger from Volotchisk came bringing word that the family at Frydrykow were unharmed, news we received with heartfelt joy. They wrote that everything in the town had been razed by the bombardment, but that the house was unhurt and suggested that it would be safer at this juncture for us to join them than to remain at Ostropol. My husband decided to take this advice. So we packed up our necessities and prepared to start the next morning for the two-day drive.

That evening when I had sunk, more than exhausted, into a chair, up came our policeman in a great state of excitement. We must leave the house without a moment's delay. Why? Because a band of sixty of the most notorious peasant malcontents had deserted from their regiment and returned fully armed to the village. At the moment they had broken into a liquor store and were priming themselves with vodka preparatory to attacking the house.

Our nearest neighbors, some ten miles away, were cousins of my husband, and we decided to take refuge with them. Hastily the four-horsed phaetons were brought to the door and our little party set out, hoping to proceed the next day to Volotchisk. We slipped out by the back way and made off by dusty roads in heat that made our discomfort greater still. However, like most of our fears, this came to little, for my husband was able to get word to the local army corps headquarters, and our deserters were rounded up before they did any great damage.

The next day we were about to go on when we learned that it was impossible again to penetrate the lines, for the Austrians were entrenched twenty miles to the east of Volotchisk, the Russians were advancing and constant skirmishes were going on. Only a short distance in that direction was a scene that indicated what might have happened to us. The villages were blackened shells, filled in many cases with unburied dead; the forests were torn and burned by the awful rain of shells that had been poured into them; the fields were fire-swept, seamed with trenches and rifle pits, plowed up by hailstorms of projectiles from cannon and rifle.

There was nothing to do but to return again to Ostropol and set the house in order once more. That night we had another shock. Our chief forester had not had time to reach Austrian soil when war broke out, and so returned to us and was our most dependable guard. He had been marked down



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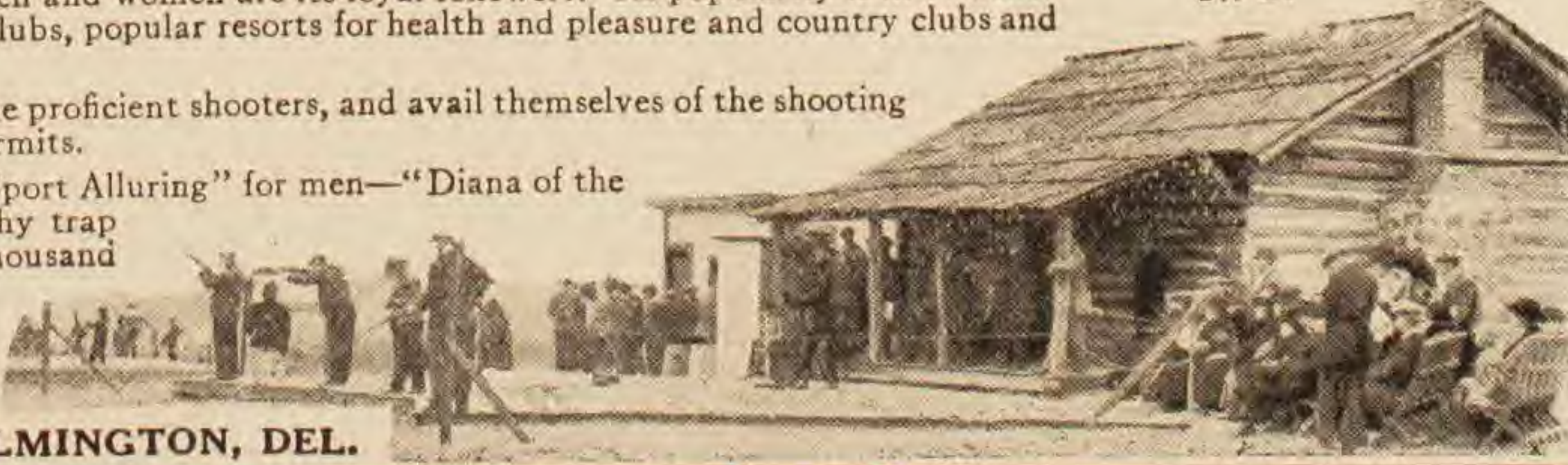
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by the authorities, and when a file of troops marched up to the door at midnight it was him they sought. He was the first to go, but was soon followed by all our Austrian-Polish servants except my maid, whom I succeeded in hiding.

This was too much. Our last hope of doing any good by remaining was gone, and my husband determined to get me and the baby to a place of safety. Mobilization being complete about the middle of August, the train service was once more thrown open to civilians. We set out for Odessa to join there some of my husband's relatives. We were fifteen hours by train on the way, standing up much of the time and making so many changes that we were all in an exhausted state when we arrived. But here on the coast of the Black Sea we are safe, far from the awful scenes and sounds of war, unless, indeed, the Turks should side—as they now have done—with our enemies and a naval battle be fought off the harbor.

About the same time the Austrians were forced to withdraw into their own country, and the family, who had been through all the fighting at Frydrykow, escaped to Kieff. After a few days my husband decided to return home and do what he could to help the demoralized peasantry and save sufficient of the ungarnered crops to carry them over the winter. Even with his best efforts the outlook is very black. The losses in this country have been terrible, and we hear even worse things of the more westerly provinces, where the Germans have been more difficult to dislodge.

The condition of Volotchisk and the estates of Frydrykow defies description. Everything is ruined—the houses, the barns, the stores, the very crops in the field. There are no people, no animals, no tools, everything is destroyed, and the fields are so plowed up by shell fire that it will be difficult to get them ready for planting again. The whole countryside has become a vast cemetery, and yet we are told that all the dead are not yet buried. For days corpses floated in great numbers in the river, the corpses of Austrian soldiers killed by the Cossacks as they retired finally into Austrian Poland.

There shall be much for history to tell of that dreadful campaign, much of horror and gallantry, of jealousy and sacrifice, that as yet we know little of. The heroism of Poland has once more come into prominence as it has so often before. May these latest agonies imposed on the land of my adoption be the last of her sacrifices and the blood of my husband's kindred the last shed for her good cause.

The ancient kingdom of Poland, which has suffered so much at the hands of its predatory neighbors and was thrice divided among Germany, Austria and Russia during the last one hundred and fifty years, has again come into prominence with the present war. Cracow, its former capital, will be the subject of an interesting article in the February issue of TRAVEL.



IN THE WAKE OF THE SNOW ROLLER

(Continued from page 24)

variety of jobs that would make a trades union man stagger to even think of, and he knows so much of the conditions that surround his own farm that you had better sink your own ideas until you get out of his domain. By looking at your horse he can make a shrewd guess as to how far you have traveled; he will know better than you how much grain it should have. He can tell you about the probable conditions of the roads which are before you, and his weather wisdom may save you trouble. But it must be a give and take game. He is interested in the things which you know and he wishes you to be interested in the things which occupy him. If you know nothing about them, don't try to bluff your way. The bets are even that he knows more interesting, world-wide important things than you do, that he would live and flourish where you would die.

The lure of the winter road is strong upon me. On it are health and vigor, fun and fascination, and, as night falls, a heart-warming welcome. I long to see the country just over the next ridge, I'd like to know who lives in the next house, I want to hear the friendly hail of the man we meet, I yearn for the Freedom of the Winter Road. O! that we may follow it again!

A LAST LOOK 'ROUND AMERICA

(Continued from page 27)

and the Atlantic Ocean was the English Channel. Indeed, were it permissible in this article, I would praise the British common sense which has forged together so securely in Montreal the interests of two peoples. Here was the *entente cordiale* in real and blessed co-operation two thousand miles from Europe.

If you would know the real Montreal—the Montreal of wide, clean streets bordered with maple trees, and the high wall enclosures of institutions both French and British—you must find it for yourself. Montreal does not show her heart to all who enter her gates. Or if you do not wish to know the contents of her heart, but only the contents of her pocket—as some travelers unblushingly admit—then remember, please, that great building of solid stone which occupies one side of a hilly street. The Bank of Montreal is a pocket worthy of cities twice the size of this one, and its fame is world-wide.

And so, having seen much more than I can speak of here, I board the ship that heads for England. For some months I have lived among you Americans. I have eaten your salt. I have breathed your air. I have pene-

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trated into your homes. And I have watched
you all the time. It has been a glorious ex-
perience. I have enjoyed it.

There are many phases of your life and
traits in your personality I have left un-
touched. In a previous article I said that the
writing of books on America had become a
habit. I feel the habit stirring in my bones.

MALTA, A FORTRESS WITH A ROMANCE

(Continued from page 17)

Middle Ages, post hauberk-armed sentries
along her ramparts and one has the Malta of
Chivalry, whose story to-day is broadly writ-
ten to anyone who cares to observingly wan-
der about her old monasteries, ancient
churches and forts. Herein at every turn is
retold the history of that remarkable monas-
tic and chivalric Order of the Knights of St.
John of Jerusalem, to whom the island owes
its grandeur and wealth, a history that is
epitomized in its two cities of Valetta and
Citta Vecchia.

In the heart of Valetta, within fifty years
after their immigration to Malta from Pales-
tine, the Knights of St. John built the Cath-
edral of St. John. Its dome and steeples offer
good beacons for ships far out at sea, and
I had seen them silhouetted above the sur-
rounding town as we entered the Great Har-
bor at early dawn. In the heat of day I have
followed down the Strada San Giovanni, left
the heated, glaring street and passed bare-
headed, reverently into the soft shades of
the inner glory of this Valhalla of the great
spirits of which the Maltese have good reason
to be proud. In striking contrast is the sim-
ple and unassuming exterior of this church
of St. John at Valetta with its elaborate inter-
ior, decorated in part, I presume, by the two
Grand Masters Cottoner, who as artists deco-
rated several of the chapels on the island.
Through circular windows sun shafts shot
their beams of golden light, illuminating in
the predominating red and blue of the ceil-
ing, gleaming in reflections from carved side
wall and tapestry of gold, touched brilliant
notes of red in the hangings and shone in a
wonderful turquoise green from the marble
pilaster, then cooled where below a canopy
the altar glistened in an accent of dull blue
and silver.

Beneath me, under this chapel pavement,
was the crypt of the Grand Masters, and in a
marvel of color design their escutcheons and
memorial tablets cover the floor in mosaics,
like the rich colorings of a series of Oriental
rugs. Among the names inscribed is that of
Sir Oliver Starkey, the only Knight not a
Grand Master here immortalized. In the
writings on the memorial tablets which cover
the floor of the nave and chapels is the whole
history of the Knights.

In the course of time Britain may relin-
quish this island fortress to other hands, the

*Published a few days before the war, this remarkable book
received the unqualified praise of the German Crown Prince*

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Colonel H. Frobenius

With Preface by Sir Valentine Chirol
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great war may bring some sudden change, but naught can efface the effect of Malta's epoch under the flag of the threefold crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, which will ever be cherished by the nation of the Eight-Pointed Cross. But the ancient walled cities of its sires will exist for many epochs to come, to flaunt from bastion or parapet the flag of whatever nation they serve and will stand a unique and marvelous monument to herald to the world the story of the wonderful romance of Malta and of the Knights of the Order of St. John.

PROGRESS IN TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from page 40)

between the Brooklyn Borough Hall and Coney Island during the past summer and autumn.

These two busses differ chiefly from the Fifth Avenue stages in the fact that they are electrically propelled instead of burning gasoline. Powerful storage batteries drive them from forty-five to fifty miles without the necessity of recharging. And the journey from the Borough Hall to the seaside—some ten miles—was covered in from forty to forty-five minutes.

One of these busses, designed especially for service in streets where traffic is congested, seats twenty-five passengers, the other, a wee bit larger, has seats for thirty-two passengers. The sides of the cars are open so that in summer the passengers may have an uninterrupted view. In winter glass panels take the place of the summer screens and fresh air is secured through the roof ventilators and the front windows. The cars are equipped with a four-motor, four-wheel drive, by which each wheel has its own motor direct connected. There are no chains or shafts, no transmission system or clutch. The gearing is completely encased and runs in oil. Each wheel is equipped with its own internal expansion brake, while for emergency stops the motors may be reversed at the pressure of a button.

One feature, however, the Fifth Avenue motor-bus possesses that gives it charm all its own—the cross-seats upon the roof. Only one car has ever been placed upon this extremely popular system—practically the only popular transportation system within New York—that has lacked these roof-seats. It was a foreign type, an experimental unit, in which a circular seat around the back platform was substituted for the roof seats. But New Yorkers would have none of that. They had enjoyed the roof-seats and the passing show that they gave of the gayest and most beautiful street in America ever since the days of Elliott F. Shephard and the horse-

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drawn coaches upon "the Avenue," and they did not propose to be robbed of them. In fact, on a sunshiny day a roof-seat on a Fifth Avenue motor bus is a real treasure and one of which a passenger is not to be robbed, willingly.

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THE CENSUS OF INDIA

The results of the census of India taken in 1911 have recently been issued by the India Office in London.

The difficulties of taking a census of a population numbering about 300,000,000, over an area of 1,803,657 square miles, were enormous. They were especially great owing, as the report puts it, "to the long lines of railway, the big rivers on which boats travel sometimes for days without coming to the bank, the forest to which woodcutters resort, often for weeks at a time, and the numerous sacred places, which, on occasion, attract many thousands of pilgrims." People had to be enumerated wherever they were caught. In the case of railways, for instance, all persons traveling by rail who took tickets after 7 P. M. on the night of the census were enumerated either on the platforms or in the trains. The latter were all stopped at 6 A. M. on the following morning, in order to include any travelers who up till then had escaped notice.

In spite of this, the census was taken on the night of March 10, 1911, at a cost of only £135,000, by means of a staff numbering nearly 2,000,000 persons, and yet the results for the whole of India were received complete on March 19, and were issued in print the next day.

The summary tables show that the total population of India (including the native states) on the night mentioned was 315,156,396 (as against 294,361,056 ten years previously), of whom 217,586,892 were Hindus, 66,647,299 were Moslems, 10,721,453 were Buddhists, and 3,876,203 were Christians. The literates numbered only 18,539,578 persons and agriculture claimed the labor of 224,695,909 persons as against 35,323,041 persons engaged in industry.



SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WEST INDIES

THE LOWER AMAZON. By Algot Lange.
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Within recent years the attention of both this country and Europe has been increasingly turned to South America with its great natural resources and commercial potentialities. Development has been constantly going on in Argentina, Chili, Peru and other parts of this great continent, but the largest country of them all, Brazil, has been practically untouched by modernization. In an earlier book Mr. Lange described his explorations into the upper Amazon country; the present volume is devoted to the east or lower Amazon region in the State of Peru. His principal operations were three in number: a trip up the Tocantins River, another to the headwaters of the Rio Moju, and the last into the interior of the island of the Marajo at the very mouth of the Amazon. One can conjecture the extent of these travels from the fact that Brazil exceeds the United States in total area by some 250,000 square miles. Much of the author's labors were concerned with the collection of anthropological and archeological data of the now vanished Amerindian tribe, who, judging by the remains, attained a comparatively high stage of culture. His canoe voyage up the Tocantins River gives a splendid account of the life among the native tribes.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the book is the great store of practical information it contains regarding the economic possibilities of Brazil with its great resources of rubber, timber, nuts, vegetable fibers, etc., as well as potential agricultural and manufacturing fields. Mr. Lange has a pleasant style, and his graphic narrative would make attractive reading without its added advantage of a well-nigh inexhaustible subject viewed by him with understanding and real insight. H. A.

Three books that, by reason of an awakening tourist interest in the West Indies, will have many readers, are "Cuba, Past and Present," "Porto Rico, Past and Present" and "San Domingo of To-day," all from the pen of A. Hyatt Verrill. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50 net each.) The plan of the books is practically the same—a historic background, the picturesque life of to-day, the geography, climate and scenic features, and considerable detail regarding industrial conditions. As guides and books have a distinct value, yet the one on Cuba is marred by one or two statements that are misleading. In a list of places of interest in Havana, the National Theater is given without any mention of the fact that it is now included in the fine new clubhouse of the Centro Gallego, which has just been completed. This struc-

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our home for two weeks"*

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ture, which is the finest modern building in Havana, is dismissed with only a passing reference to the club's million-dollar home and membership of some 37,000 Galician workmen.

Part of the pleasure, however, of visiting a foreign country is discovering things for yourself, and guide books that are infallible are, fortunately, few. In their essential details, which includes interest and appreciation, these are very satisfactory.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF MONTIGNIES ST. CHRISTOPHE

The devastation which the war has visited upon the little towns of France is graphically described by Irvin S. Cobb in a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Cobb followed for days in the wake of the German army in its first dash through Belgium. We quote in part from his narrative:

"Every house in sight has been hit again and again and again. One house would have its whole front blown in, so that we could look right back to the rear walls and see the pans on the kitchen shelves. Another house would lack a roof to it, and the tidy tiles that had made the roof were now red and yellow rubbish, piled like broken shards outside a potter's door. The doors stood open, and the windows, with the window-panes all gone and in some instances the sashes as well, leered emptily at us like eye-sockets without eyes.

"So it went. Two of the houses had caught fire and the interiors were quite burned away. A sudden smell of burned things came from the still smoking ruins; but the walls, of thick stone, still stood.

"Our poor tired old nag halted and sniffed and snorted. If she had had energy enough I reckon she would have shied about and run back the way she had come, for now, just ahead, lay two dead horses—a big gray and a roan—with their stark legs sticking out across the road. The gray was shot through and through in three places. The right fore hoof of the roan had been cut smack off, as smoothly as though done with an axe; and the stiffened leg had a curiously unfinished look about it, suggesting a natural malformation. Dead only a few hours, the carcasses were already swelling. The skin on their bellies was tight as a drumhead. We forced the quivering mare past the two dead horses. Beyond them the road was a litter. Knapsacks, coats, canteens, handkerchiefs, pots, pans, household utensils, bottles, jugs and caps were everywhere. The deep ditches on each side of the road were clogged with such things. The dropped caps and the abandoned knapsacks were always French caps and French knapsacks, cast aside, no doubt, in the road for a quick flight after the *mêlée*.

"The Germans had charged after shelling the town, and then the French had fallen back—or at least so we deduced from the looks of things. In the *débris* was no object that bespoke German workmanship or Ger-

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man ownership. This rather puzzled us until we learned that the Germans, as tidy in this game of war as in the game of life, make it a hard-and-fast rule to gather up their own belongings after every engagement, great or small, leaving behind nothing that might give the enemy an idea of their losses.

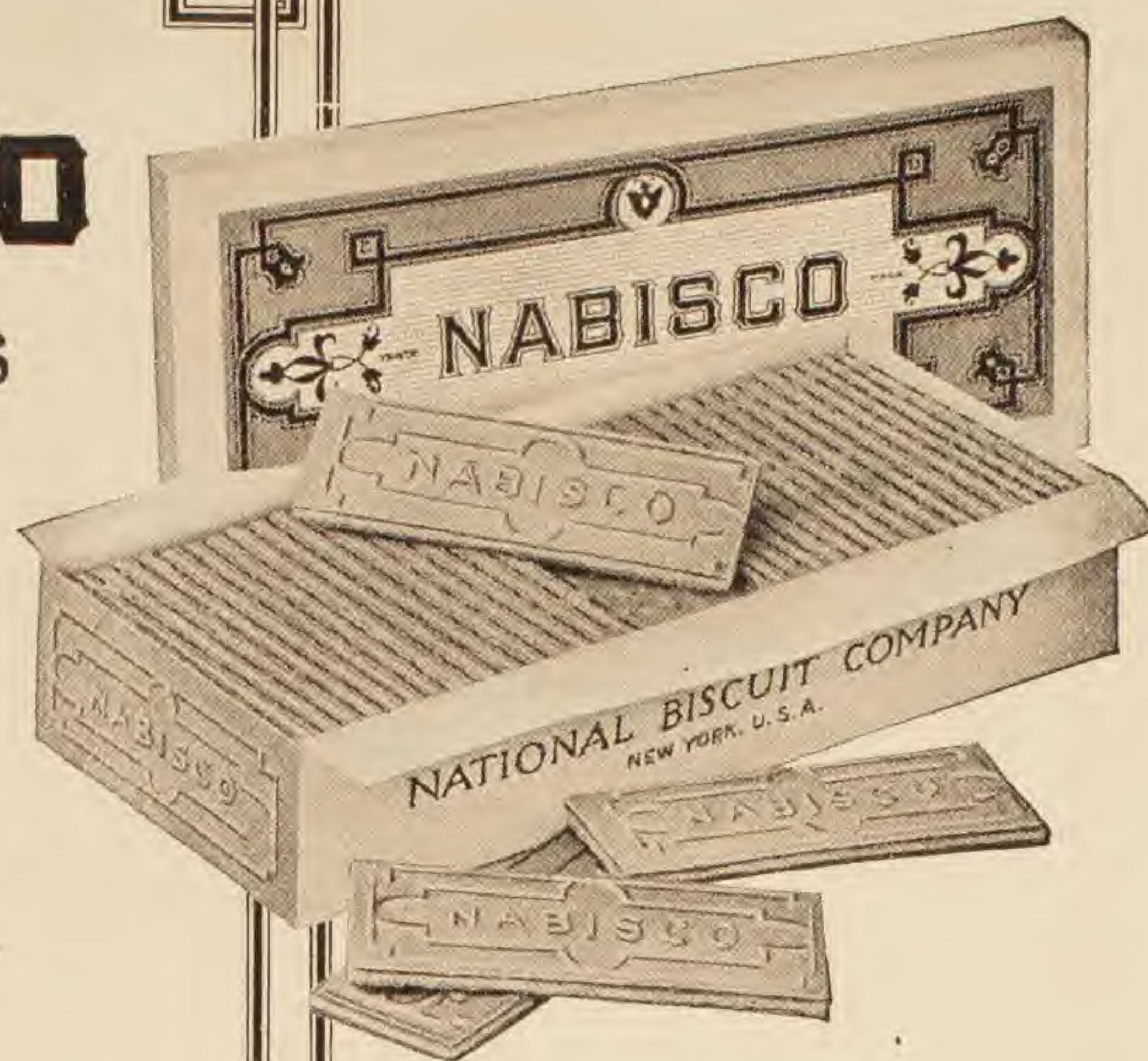
"We went by the church. Its spire was gone; but, strange to say, a small flag—the Tricolor of France—still fluttered from a window where some one had stuck it. We went by the *taverne*, or wine shop, which had a sign over its door—a creature remotely resembling a blue lynx. And through the door we saw half a loaf of bread and several bottles on a table. We went by a rather pretentious house, with pear trees in front of it and a big barn alongside it; and right under the eaves of the barn I picked up the short jacket of a French trooper, so new and fresh from the workshop that the white cambric lining was hardly soiled. The figure 18 was on the collar; we decided that its wearer must have belonged to the Eighteenth Cavalry Regiment. Behind the barn we found a whole pile of new knapsacks—the flimsy play-soldier knapsacks of the French infantrymen, which are not half so heavy or a third so substantial as the heavy sacks of the Germans, which are all bound with straps and covered on the back side with undressed red bullock's hide. Until now we had seen, in all the silent, ruined village, no human being. The place fairly ached with emptiness. Cats sat on the doorsteps or in the windows, and presently from a barn we heard imprisoned beasts howling dismally, but there were no dogs. We had already remarked this fact—that in every desolated village cats were thick enough; but invariably the sharp-nosed, wolfish-looking Belgian dogs had disappeared along with their masters. And it was so in Montignies St. Christophe.

"On a roadside barricade of stones, chinked with sods of turf—a breastwork the French probably had erected before the fight and which the Germans had kicked half down—I counted three cats, seated side by side.

"It was just after we had gone by the barricade that, in a shed behind the riddled shell of a house, which was almost the last house of the town, one of our party saw an old, a very old woman, who peered out at us through a break in the wall. He called out to her in French, but she never answered—only continued to watch him from behind her shelter. He started toward her and she disappeared noiselessly, without having spoken a word. She was the only living person we saw in that town. The sun was almost down by now, and its slanting rays came lengthwise through the elm-tree aisles along our route. Just as it disappeared we met a string of refugees—men, women and children—all afoot and all bearing pitiable small bundles. They limped along silently in a straggling procession. None of them were weeping; none of them looked as though they had been weeping. During the past ten days I had seen thousands of such refugees, and I had yet to hear one of them cry out or complain or protest."

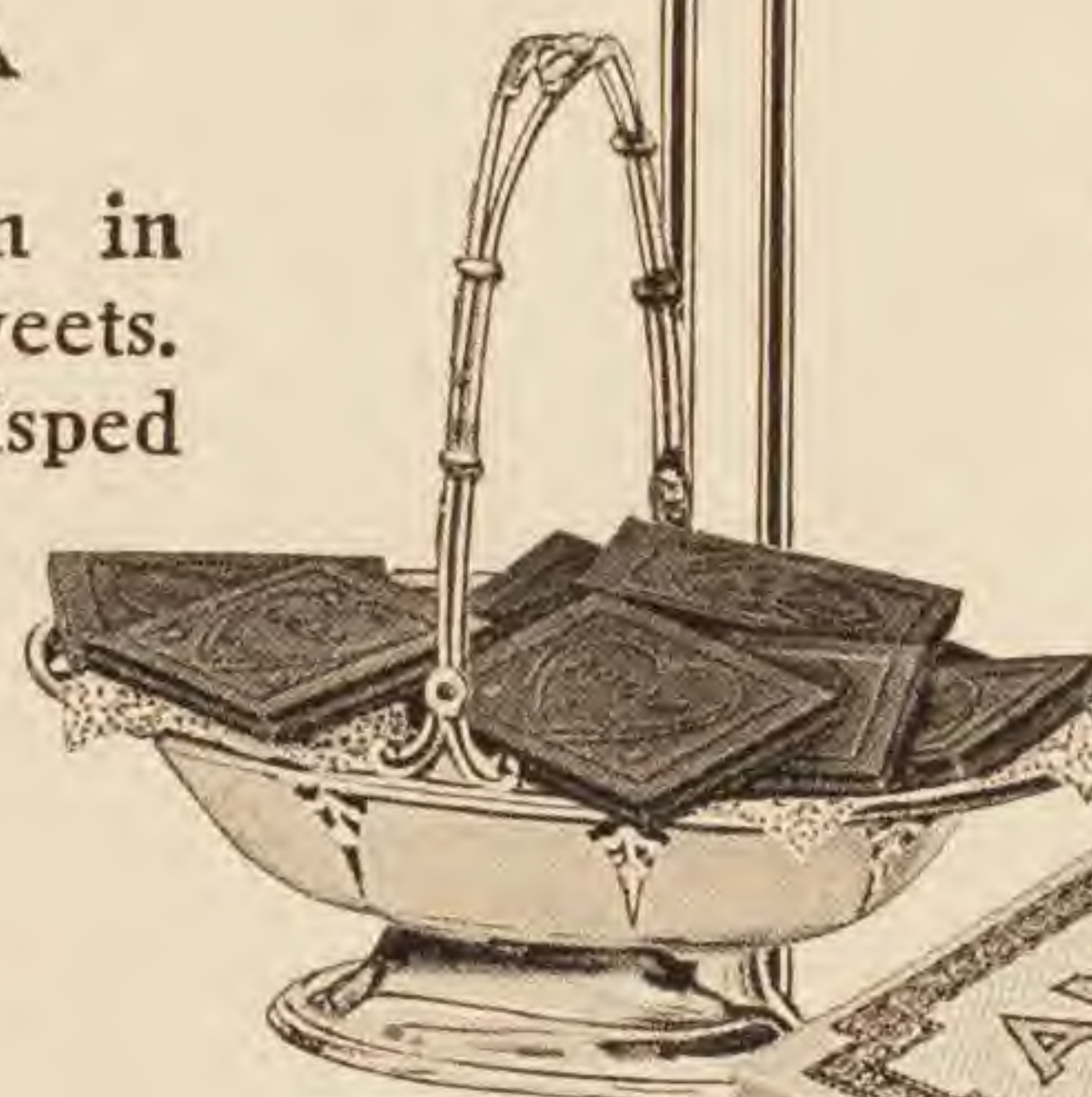
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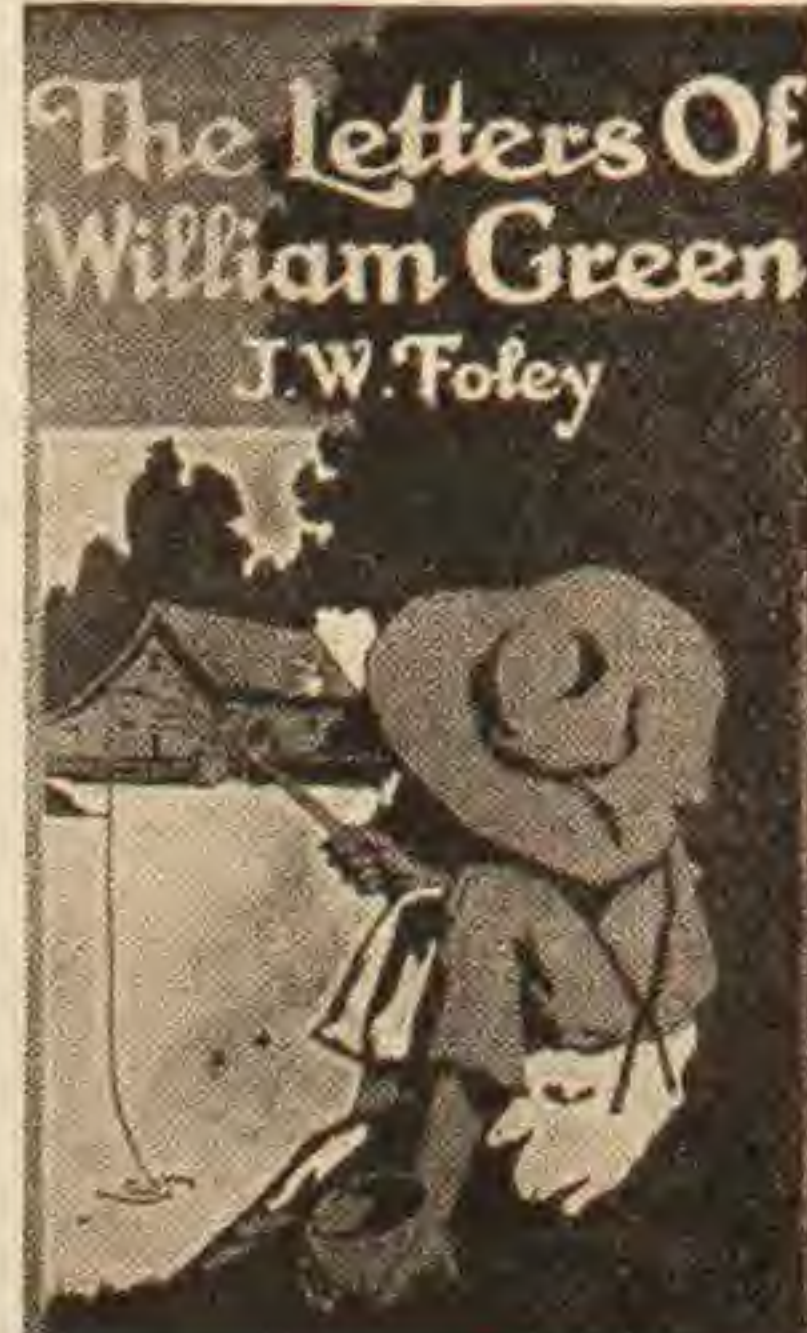
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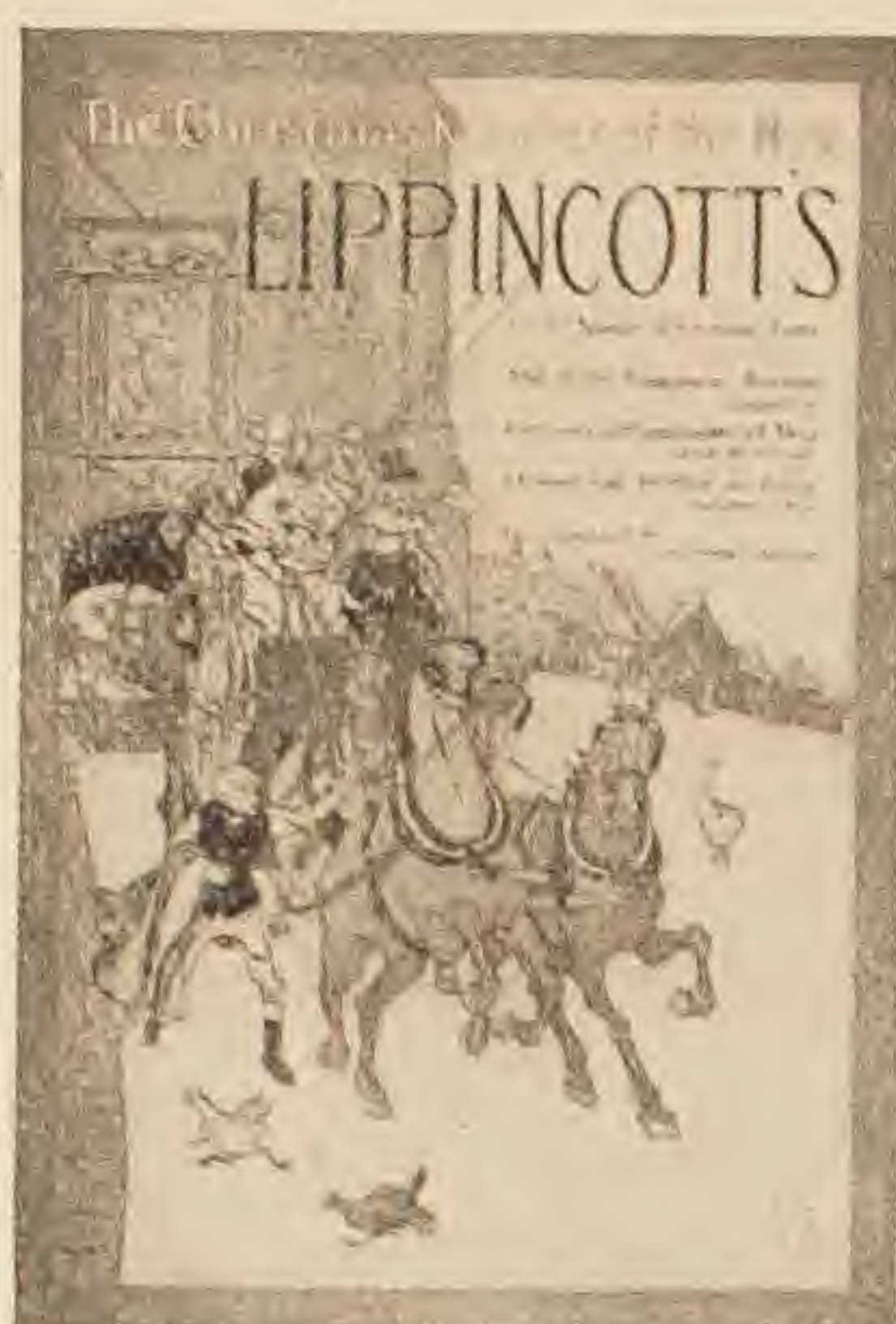
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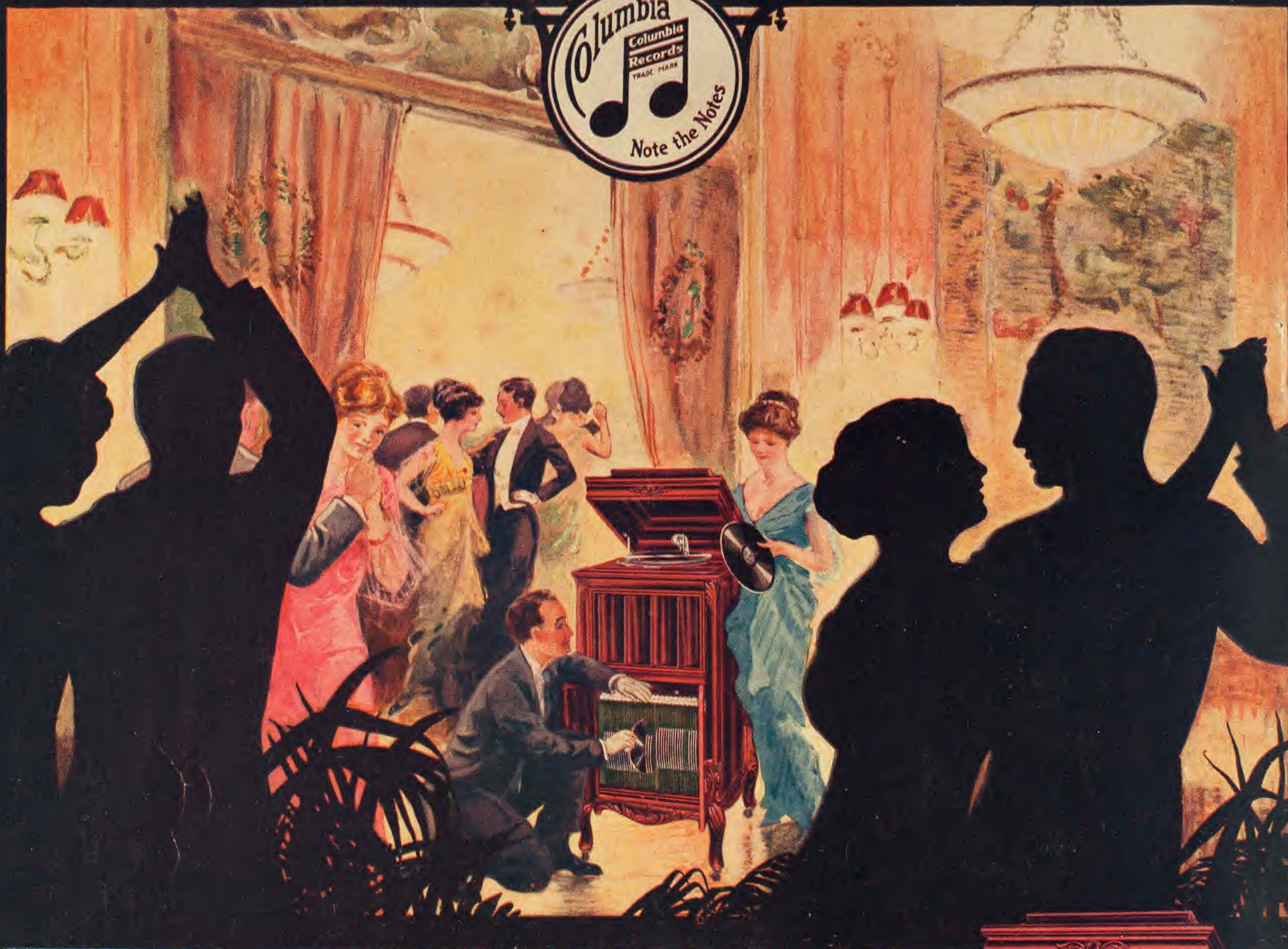
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